

I STRIPPED AT 16

COVER

MONIQUE VAN VOOREN is that popular European breed known as *chanteuse.* The Belgian-born doll tried her hand at emoting in Tarzan movies before moving into the night club spotlight and becoming a big name vocalist at big hotel rooms from coast to coast. She's a positive argument in the debate over whether European singers are sexier. Capturing her charms in color for our cover was Bruno Bernard.



SHOWGIRL OF THE MONTH

PEGGY RAY is one of the new TV species — a commercial girl. With good looks and charms, she helps sell anything from cigarettes to deodorants. In between she takes showgirl assignments on shows such as Jackie Gleason's and enjoys what wide open spaces she can find around New York City.

AMONG the pundits who cover the bright-light beat along Broadway, Robert Sylvester is not exactly a youngster but he is a relative neophite as a columnist, having joined the ranks little more than a year ago. However, his sprightly contribution to the pages of the New York Daily News have made him one of the most-read chroniclers in the biggest newspaper in the land in terms of circulation. This month he furnishes a report to CABARET readers on the two most exclusive niteries in America, the ultra-ultra Stork and El Morocco. Sylvester probes deeply in the profit motives of the two bonifaces who run the clubs and comes up with a humorous yet highly sober account.

Covering the full gamut of the night life whirl, CABARET also x-rays the other extreme of the world of entertainment and takes readers down to Cuba to have a look-see at "The World's Rawest Burlesque Show." Variety mugg Jay Mallin gives a full and authentic report on what he found at the Havana showspot that combines totally-nude girls somewhat on the beefy side cavorting on stage between showings of stag movies. It's a delightful tale that points up the idea that CABARET furnishes readers a full-rounded picture of the world after dark and its well-rounded dolls.

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THE ADULT ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE

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DEPARTMENTS

CABARET

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AMERICA'S MOST ELITE NIGHT CLUBS

No niteries in land draw as rich and exclusive a clientele as Stork and El Morocco clubs in New York and no two entrepreneurs prove as different as owners Sherman Billingsley and John Perona.

By Robert Sylvester



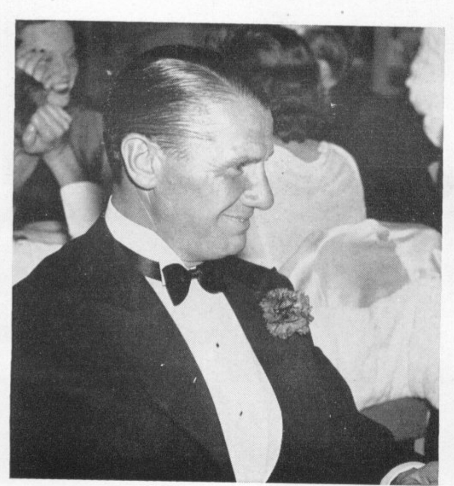
TOP CELEBRITIES in land make Stork Club their headquarters. Room has simple decor with orchestra playing soft music.

REGULAR AT STORK CLUB'S TABLE 50 is columnist Walter Winchell, who picks up many items from owner Sherman Billingsley. He has never advertised his club except in early years when he ran ads in college publications, paid editors in drinks.

THE BIGGEST CITY in America, New York, has the most wealth, the most established socialites and the most celebrities. One might suppose that New York is the sort of town which would have a dozen or more internationally - famous and steadily - successful "class" night clubs filled nightly with the rich and important only. It is one of the anomalies of night club history that, over the long haul, only two New York night clubs have consistently been able to draw support from what is accepted as The Elite.

These two night clubs are the Stork Club and El Morocco. New York has many class restaurants with clientele as fancy or fancier than these cafes and New York has many first-class cabarets — the Versailles and the Copacabana are but two — yet no night club has been able to threaten the eminence or "exclusiveness" of Stork and El Morocco.

This is a fact which is far from easy to analyze or explain. If the Stork had succeeded in knocking out Morocco, or vice versa, it would be relatively simple to trace the methods, rules and modus operandi of the victorious joint and set down a diagram of how a truly exclusive and chi-chi night club must be planned and developed. The



EL MOROCCO OWNER John Perona likes to wear formal clothes, insist on patrons being as well-dressed as he is in club.



STORK CLUB OWNER Sherman Billingley occupies seven floors of building. One whole floor is taken by bookkeepers.



DOORMAN at El Morocco is Harlem Negro dressed in uniform of native Moroccan soldier. Perona originally decided on simple oasis-type decor because he did not want speakeasy furnishings that cops could smash.

FOREIGN LEGION UNIFORM is worn by attendant at El Morocco to carry out club's theme. Blue and white zigzag zebra stripes are prevailing background. Perona maintains small office next to club kitchen.

confusing truth, however, is that there could not be two night clubs more different than the Stork and El Morocco. They have, indeed, only one characteristic in common. Each is not only owned and operated by a single personality, but, in all truth, each is fiercely *dominated* by a personality. All other comparisons end there.

The Stork Club is owned by Sherman Billingsley. El Morocco is owned by John Perona. They are the most successful night club men in the history of the trade but the analyst who attempts to discover the secret of night club success through a study of these boys together can only be completely confused by his findings. For two more different men never existed and the cafe creation of each absolutely and completely negates the thinking, the management, the planning and the theories of the other.

John Perona is a self-made millionaire of Italian birth. He wears soft, striped flannels of Beau Brummel cut, chalkstriped or pinstriped. His jewelry is delicate and expensive. He is grey-

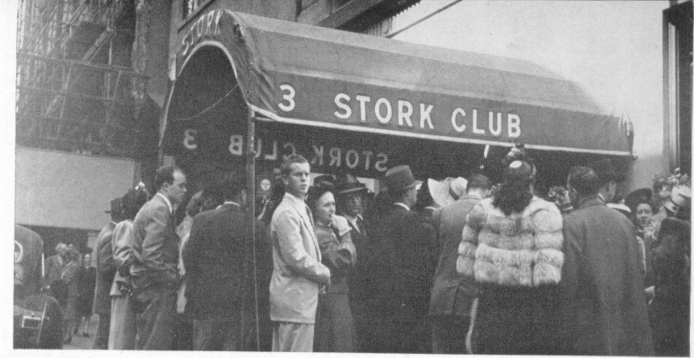
EL MOROCCO INTERIOR reflects plush clientele. Club is one of few which seats celebrities near wall away from dance floor to escape attention of public. Perona claims that lighting in club is flattering to women guests. Zebra stripes have become trademark.

haired and reasonably handsome in the European fashion. His mannerisms are quick, nervous and even jerky. He talks fast and often excitedly. He obviously possesses physical energy in inexhaustible volume. He is gregarious, likes high life, and is not averse to joining his cronies in tipping the wine bottle. He owns several foreign cars, in the past raced them himself, and he is a gentleman farmer who gets an atavistic joy out of growing things from the soil. He is 58 years old.

Sherman Billingsley is a self-made millionaire from Enid, Oklahoma. He wears solid color suits of conservative, almost shapeless cut. He is now nearly bald and handsome like the model in the successful businessman ads is handsome. His mannerisms are deliberate. His walk and talk are controlled and slow. His manner usually suggests that he is tired, or even exhausted. Although one of the most famous hosts in epicurean history, he is not gregarious and usually is remote even with customers of long standing. His close friends are few. His hobbies fewer. He is a gentleman farmer who for years has been thoroughly bored with his farm and wishes he could unload it. He has the veteran saloon manager's wariness toward alcohol and rarely drinks. He is 54 years old.

The habits, histories and thinking of the two men are as divergent as their personalities. First for their habits:

Perona daily keeps what he rather wishfully refers to as his "banking hours." This means that he is awake, dressed, and on his feet in time to take



CROWDS often gather around Stork Club marquee to watch celebrities enter. Billingsley used to stage his television program directly from one of upper floors of building he owns.



CUB ROOM is Stork's guarded inner sanctum reserved for special guests who are either celebrities or personal friends of Billingsley. Room is closely guarded by owner.



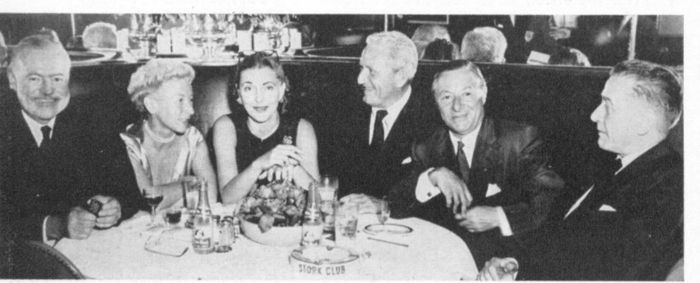
GLAMOUR GIRLS have always been catered to by Billingsley, who likes to decorate his room with lovelies. He used many of them on his television show, which is now off the air. One entire floor of building is taken up by refrigerators and freezers for food.



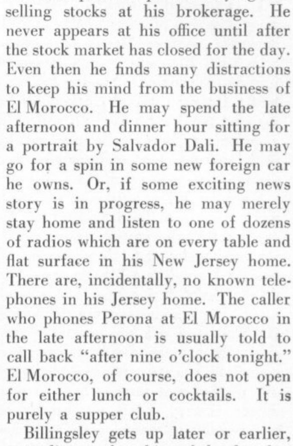
TOMMY MANVILLE, much divorced playboy, is one of many celebrities who make Stork their permanent night headquarters.



CHINESE IMPORTER H. L. Hsieh and his wife, Marion Saunders, typify wealthy guests always seen nightly at El Morocco.



PARTY OF CELEBRITIES including author Ernest Hemingway and wife, Mrs. Leland Hayward, Spencer Tracy, George Jessel and producer Leland Hayward join in Stork drink.



an active personal part in buying and selling stocks at his brokerage. He never appears at his office until after the stock market has closed for the day. Even then he finds many distractions to keep his mind from the business of El Morocco. He may spend the late afternoon and dinner hour sitting for a portrait by Salvador Dali. He may go for a spin in some new foreign car he owns. Or, if some exciting news story is in progress, he may merely stay home and listen to one of dozens of radios which are on every table and flat surface in his New Jersey home. There are, incidentally, no known telephones in his Jersey home. The caller who phones Perona at El Morocco in the late afternoon is usually told to call back "after nine o'clock tonight." El Morocco, of course, does not open for either lunch or cocktails. It is purely a supper club.

Billingsley gets up later or earlier, according to the whim of the day, but from the moment he opens his eyes his every thought and act concerns the Stork Club. Today he may be at his club for lunch—when the place opens for business—or he may not be in until after cock- (*Continued on page 48*)



JOAN CRAWFORD joins friend Manny Sacks in cocktails at the Stork and is presented by gift of perfume by owner Billingsley.



MANY MOVIE ROMANCES get started at Stork. Here Elizabeth Taylor holds hands with her first husband, Conrad Hilton, Jr.

ARE EUROPEAN SINGERS SEXIER?



MONIQUE VAN VOOREN has sexy, voluptuous look whether projecting through television screen or singing in club (below).

Belgium's busty entry in chanteuse stakes demonstrates why continental canaries coo so much more sexily than our own breed.

By Mort Cooper

IN THE PLUSH, svelte satin-lined cabaret world that is found in the nation's better hostelries partronized by the upper brackets, a most pleasant institution has blossomed out in our generation known as the *chanteuse*. To the top-hatted gentry and even the hourglass-shaped dowagers who foot the tab at these swank rooms, the *chanteuse* is supposed to represent a bit of nostalgia from the old world, a chunk of the continent imported to our shores without benefit of ocean spray.

But the gents who keep book in these hotel halls of revelry know better.

SAUCY AND PROVOCATIVE, Monique prefers shortie nightgowns whether in bed or posing for cheesecake photos. She will be seen in coming film, "Martin & Lewis In Paris."



IN TELEVISION REGULARLY, Monique plays roles of temptress. She does not mind being type-cast in that role with or without clothes (right), once played in Tarzan films.

To them the word *chanteuse* can be spelled in three letters: s-e-x. For over the years they have learned that the young ladies from foreign shores who come to coo ballads to our hotel patrons symbolize a basic instinct that adds up to the lowest common denominator in mankind. They can see in the response to these canaries something far different than what happens when our own native brand of vocalist belts out a pop tune.

It is not necessarily that the foreign lassies are more attractive or prettier but rather that they know how to project a certain quality that adds up to that ethereal quality known as sex appeal. The *chanteuse* art as practiced on these shores by a succession of *fils d'amour* such as Edith Piaf, Patachou, Genevieve, Jacqueline Francois adds up to a kind of perfumy, oo-la-la sex. It is the difference between a boudoir and a bedroom.

And well-heeled customers in the ultra-ultra spots across the nation love it as a welcome relief from the braying of the likes of Kay Starr and Theresa Brewer. This desire to enjoy the continental style of singing of unrequited love has brought a variety of imports





DECORATING SWIMMING POOL when playing night club engagement at Las Vegas Thunderbird Hotel, Monique knows just how to pose for poolside photos draped only in towel. She recently played in "Kismet," has starred in TV productions on Studio One.

across the waters, who are enjoying a full measure of prosperity on the night club circuits.

A case in point is a busty Belgian named Monique Van Vooren, who is not particularly a .400 batter when it comes to voice but who can just stand in a room and ooze sex. Whether the customers ever hear what she sings is questionable but whatever it is that she has, the patrons from the Maisonette in New York to the Mocambo in Hollywood love it.

And Monique knows it. She is absolutely crazy—as the hep set would say—but like a Belgian fox.

Sitting in her Manhattan living room and cuddling Foudy, her white poodle ("He doesn't have my bust measurements," she advises, "but then after all he's only a dog"), wit and refined suggestiveness roll off her tongue without the slightest hint of having been rehearsed. Instead of meeting a gorgeous but dumb showgirl who happened to be professionally lucky, one finds himself face to bust with a gorgeous but extremely intelligent and sensitive young lady.

Monique's star has never been so high as it is today and if she is able to commit herself to a third of the offers which have come to her since her sensational hit at the St. Regis Maisonette, there's little doubt that she can become the hottest item in show business. She kids her own singing and dancing, but she knows how to acquit herself on a stage or at a mike. Her face is exquisite. Her 40-24-36 architecture is for real. She speaks English, French, Italian, Flemish and German, and can be funny and sexy in all of them.

Her answers to provocative questions are her own, not press agents': "I love caviar by the spoonful (does that make me a red?)—but only black caviar, and only if it matches my satin bedsheets which must also be black. I can't stand yellow diamonds, but I enjoy minks in all colors. I used to have the hobby of collecting diamonds, by the way. Kind people gave them to me. Usually very kind people. I called that hobby my Bundles For Belgium campaign."

There's certainly nothing elusive about the blonde Belgian beauty's work at a mike. Her gowns are usually white and tight, the better to not only display a classically voluptuous body from the front but to display, when she gets fairly frisky (*Continued on page* 46)



IN FRENCH MOVIE, Monique was allowed to display a lot more of her talents than in Hollywood appearances. She paraded about in "Serie Noire" in bras and towels, got favorable notices for beauty. She appeared in three French films.



OUTDOOR GIRL despite her boudoir tastes, Monique enjoys pool in Las Vegas. She like Vegas dates to enjoy swimming.



FURS AND SATIN SHEETS are favorites of Monique, who had 15-minute TV show nights in New York interviewing stars.

HOW TO RUN A NIGHT CLUB AND MAKE MONEY

By presenting strippers in class atmosphere, including a tropical storm every hour, serving best food in any U.S. club and charging reasonable prices, Warren St. Thomas makes a highly-profitable business out of his Tropics cabaret.

By Jacques Sarloff

TEN YEARS AGO a dapper, energetic young man still in his twenties brought a quarter million dollars to the mile-high city of Denver and promised that within six weeks he would turn a foundering neighborhood tavern site into Colorado's plushest night club. He hired 60 men to work all day, every day, paid them time and a half after 4:30 and double time on Sundays. In 180 days, hardly more time than it took to create the earth, that property on Morrison Road was demolished and re-erected as the Tropics.

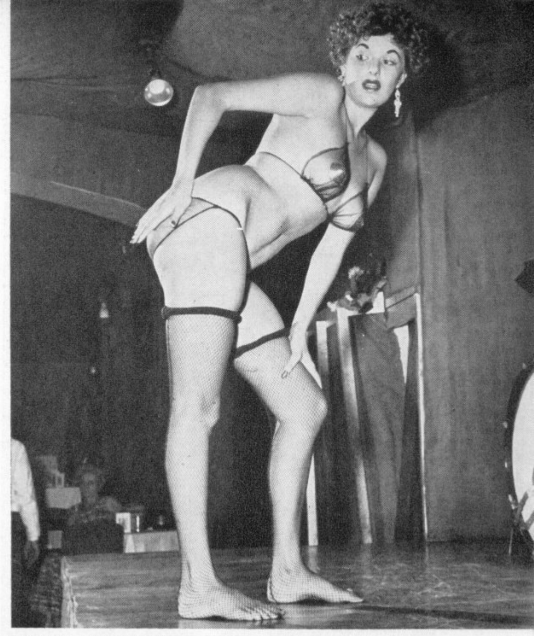
Almost at once—with the considerable help of instinctive business knowhow gimmicks, not the least of which was to sense just how to present strip teasers effectively in a class atmosphere—the Tropics became and has remained the most beautiful, popular and successful club in the entire Rocky Mountain area.



TROPICS OWNER WARREN ST. THOMAS enjoys playing with alligators before they are fed in Alligator Room of night club. Customers usually gather round to see alligators fed expensive $15 meal of goldfish daily in room with ultra-modern decor.



SALLY RAND has been regular favorite at Tropics since its opening. She is probably oldest stripper to perform in nitery.



WILDCAT FRENCHIE was sizzling import from New Orleans. Redhead was presented in "hottest dance seen on Bourbon Street."

The fellow responsible for this success in a jiffy was Warren St. Thomas, a high tension man whose career has included minefield charting as a Navy lieutenant commander and running an amusement park concession. A tall and robustly busy guy whose brain percolates new ideas continuously, he has never entered any project with half a heart or with the remotest doubts of instantaneous success.

Overnight St. Thomas became night club king of Denver. And he did it while defying the set rules followed by cabarets all over the country. He has consistently presented top names at his club—but not singers, comics or dancers. Rather his stars have all been strippers.

Nowhere in the world are strippers featured in as plush a club as the Tropics. And nowhere does as upper-bracket a crowd of celebrities come to watch them perform. St. Thomas is especially proud of the calibre of customers who visit his cabaret—Ethel Merman, Marilyn Monroe, Harry James, Fred Waring, Denver judges and members of the state legislature. Normally these people would not go out of their way to see a burlesque show but they do come to see the equivalent of such shows at the Tropics. "The secret is simple," St. Thomas explains. "Just have a setting of class if you want a night club jackpot. Sure, our shows are risque; now and then when we have headliners like Ricki Covette or Do May the spice runs pretty high. But I've yet to hear a woman customer complain of being offended by a show here. Maybe it's because we never stop working to keep the Tropics a mixture of earthy fun and the height of taste in decor and management."

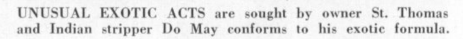
And St. Thomas does have all that.

In what other club, for instance, which demands neither cover charge nor minimum (except a stupendous half dollar on Saturday nights), can you see tropical storms,



REVERE AND ROCHE do popular girl and ape act which always thrills audiences. Owner St. Thomas draws top local celebs.





UNUSUAL EXOTIC ACTS are sought by owner St. Thomas and Indian stripper Do May conforms to his exotic formula.



BLONDE BUBBLE BATHER Pat Hobson is regular feature at least once a year at Tropics. Her act fits in with tropical concept.

consisting of electrical illusions, scenic effects, and real water disappearing into drains and containers that appear to be bannisters?

The Tropics has real palm trees. There are six foot voodoo masks (which St. Thomas makes himself) lining the walls. There is an Alligator Room, a very special feature which boasts light black walls, a design that is carried out and lit up with strong black lights. Modernistic weird-looking trees are built up in relief. Built into the floor is a long cement pit containing two live alligators. In keeping with the swank atmosphere, the alligators are fed goldfish (an expensive dinner which costs the management $15 per feeding).

During the summer, a large sliding glass wall opens onto an outdoor dance floor and garden.

Inside the club, the hydraulic stage lifts to any height up to six feet and on this stage, throughout the year, the best-known strippers appear. Any night a headline peeler is grinding, winding, rotating and bumping—and at popular prices, too.

Despite a large staff, St. Thomas personally oversees everything that goes on from the evening's opening till its close. "Denver was ready for a volume club when I came on the scene," he says. "That means a club that offers everything a visitor could imagine, and at prices that wouldn't send him away screaming into the night. I believe in avoiding anything that doesn't smack of top quality and of selling that quality at considerate prices. A customer who comes to the Tropics always returns because he knows he's going to have the time of his life, without being robbed in the bargain."

What constitutes the time of one's life? St. Thomas obviously has the answer, because in the ten years his doors have been open, he has had a steady and overflowing patronage. Nitery bonifaces throughout the United States invariably show up at the Tropics as they pass through the West, to study this remarkable success story and to see how they too might prosper.

Name strippers like to work the beautiful Denver spot because St. Thomas is at the helm, which means they are guaranteed of getting limitless production cooperation. Evelyn West, the $50,000 Treasure Chest who played the

HIGHEST SALARY ever paid a stripper was given to Evelyn West when she exhibited her "$50,000 Treasure Chest" at Denver's most picturesque night club.

FAVORITE CLUB of Evelyn West, Tropics is also preferred by other strippers because of excellent production facilities and fine lighting at lavish Denver bistro.





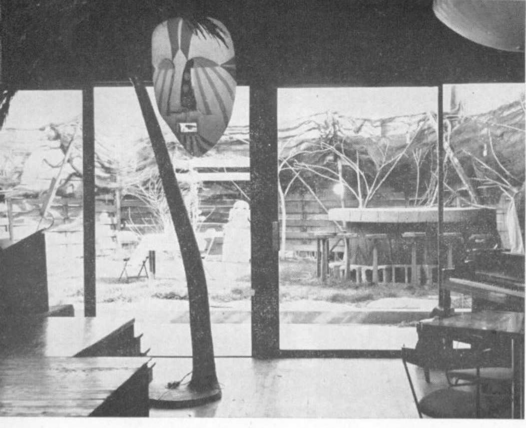
PERFORMING AT ORGAN in club is Donna St. Thomas, attractive wife of owner. Couple has daughter, big swimming pool.

Tropics recently and far exceeded the business brought in by Sally Rand, Tempest Storm, Carrie Finnell and Do May (all Tropics regulars), is especially laudatory of him:

"Warren is not a saloonkeeper or a strip joint owner. He is a creative artist who might have been an outstanding designer, painter or architect, but who happens to run the world's most exciting night club. He's the exotic dancer's dream. He's a master showman.

"He doesn't just provide a stage for a dancer, he sees to it that she has everything in the way of special lighting that will make for a better performance. He designed the stage and lighting system in such a way that a performer is able to be seen by everyone in the large room—an incidental fact that makes some performers hesitate about playing other clubs. But there's never any hesitation when the Tropics summons."

While patrons watch the minimum of four strippers who appear nightly, and watch in an atmosphere lush with luxury, they also eat what some professional observers have called the best food to be found in an American club. St. Thomas doesn't bother with the standard chow mein and



OUTDOOR PATIO of club has dance floor where couples can enjoy music under stars. With mild weather, it is in constant use.



ENTRANCE LOBBY of Tropics has comfortable wicker-type chairs where patrons can enjoy drink at coffee table while waiting.

glorified hamburgers which some of the most elegant niteries feel free to serve. He bastes his chicken with champagne and prepares his lamb on flaming swords.

The steaks he sells deserve some special comment. He carefully ages them, then broils them over hot ceramic rocks. The ceramic arrangement consists of ordinary gas burners placed under volcanic rocks which get red hot like charcoal and hold their heat. The steaks are broiled over these rocks on steel bars and singed in fire produced from their own fat. It's a complicated process but a rewarding one. Unlike a large percentage of club owners, St. Thomas plays up rather than hides the fact that he sells food.

Semi-classical and longhair piano artists have played the Tropics and have gone over well but, St. Thomas admits, "It cost me a lot of money to learn that the public prefers the strip tease. I give it to them, along with good food, drinks, and an exciting background, and they keep coming back for more." *(Continued on page 47)*

LEOPARD-SKIN OUTFITS are worn by waitresses at Tropics. Much of decor is also done in zebra stripes. St. Thomas has big turnover of patrons with as many as four shows nightly. He also presents a show on Sunday afternoon at 5, charges no minimum or cover.

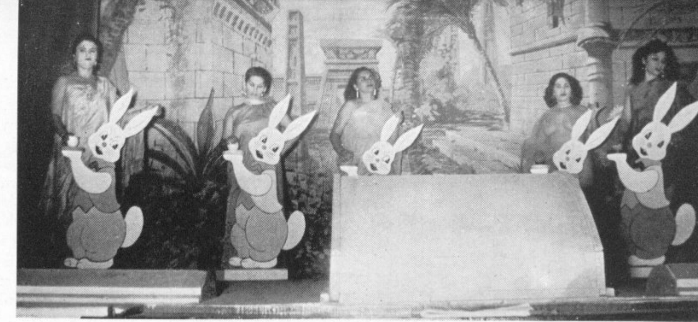


"She made the mistake of crossing her fingers instead of her legs!"



DANCE TEAM of Lopez and Romero do apache number in which he strips the costume off Conchita. She finishes her dance nude.

MANAGER Jose Orozco Garcia has run Shanghai for 24 years, claims it is only place in world where stag movies are shown publicly.



GIRLS OF ALL NATIONALITIES, shapes and sizes work in Shanghai. In many numbers, girls remove costumes behind props like cardboard bunnies and then step forward.

THE WORLD'S RAWEST BURLESQUE SHOW

Nowhere can public see as ribald and racy a show as in Havana, where patrons see combined stag movies and strip tease.

By Jay Mallin

FOR A LONG TIME, Havana has enjoyed the reputation of being the sexiest city in the Western hemisphere. To nearly everyone—and Americans especially—her main commodities have been rum, cigars and women.

But the Americano expecting to find the ultimate in wickedness in Havana will be disappointed in at least one respect. The famed capital of Latin vice has only one burlesque house. It is the Shanghai Theater, located appropriately enough in Chinatown, among the narrow, winding streets of old Havana.

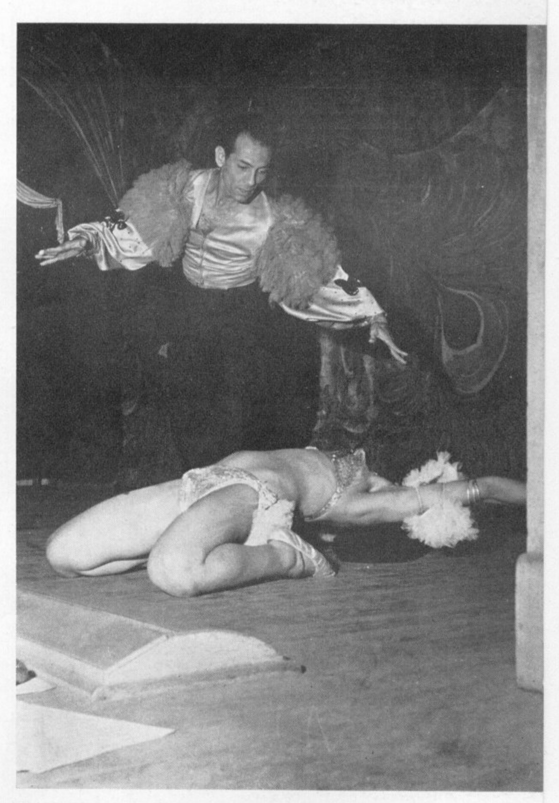
But if it's small in numbers, Cuban burlesque more than makes up for it in punch. There is probably nothing—including the rawest of Parisian shows—that is quite as raw as the peculiar combination of blackout skits, sexy dances and stag movies that make up the Shanghai bill.

There have been other burley houses in the city, but over the years they have succumbed to the onslaught of the law. The Shanghai, however, continues to operate and pack 'em in every night as it has for the past 24 years.

"We close only for revolutions," says Jose Orozco Garcia, a paunchy, affable fellow with a big cigar and the tailoring of a syndicate hood, including fedora. He has managed the house since it opened. "We aren't bothered by anything else," he says, smiling as he fingers his diamond stickpin.

A shabby, hulking building on Zanja Street, between Manrique and Campanario, the theater was originally built as a home for oriental drama. In spite of a large Chinese population, the art form fell on evil days, however, and the theater changed hands to become a burlesque hall.

Seats range in price from 65 cents for a bench in the



TRADITIONAL RHUMBA is also part of Shanghai show, but always winds up with strip act that leaves dancer minus G-string.



BOX OFFICE at Shanghai has sign in English which advertises: "Nudist dancers with 8 beautiful girls, Real naked models."

balcony to $1.25 for a stageside chair. Inside, the house is surprisingly large. It seats 750—400 on the main floor and 350 in the balcony.

The audience is almost entirely male. It's a rare occasion in more ways than one when a curious *turista* appears on the arm of an escort to see the show.

Groups of society women do however occasionally don masks and watch the proceedings from boxes discreetly ranged along the side of the house.

But everyone is much more comfortable when there are no ladies in the audience. This is not so much a delicacy, but because weak-stomached Americano maidens have had to be carried from the house in a semi-hysterical state after seeing part of the show. Just the same, Garcia sees to it that when a woman does come, she is treated with due respect.

"This is a nice place," he says. "We never have any trouble with the tourists. They like it very much, and we are happy to have them."

The rest of the audience—in fact the major portion—is native in the peculiarly cosmopolitan fashion of Havana. Any night the house will be filled with Chinese, Spanish, Negro, Cuban and a half-dozen other nationality groups, and from all strata of society. "Everybody in Havana knows the Shanghai," Garcia says proudly. "And everybody comes here."

What they find is a show that is unique among even the most unusual Havana entertainment. The program is a combination of American bur- (*Continued on page 44*)

COMIC RELAXES backstage with some of Shanghai's chorines, who have tendency to be very beefy like many of Cuba's girls.



"For some reason or other, they bill me as a double feature."

THE GREAT ALL-AMERICAN

First made by a Kentucky reverend, native wine of blue grass state has become favorite drink of nation but still is a proud tradition in land of corn and colonels.



INSTITUTION OF BOURBON



By Harry Botsford

BOURBON is an all-American institution of native corn, rye and wheat, sprouted barley, thoroughbred yeast and limestone water, plus skill, experience and some special and intricate equipment. In a glass of this amber ambrosia there lurks grandeur, remembance, achievement and American history that will never be forgotten. It has been that way since the first bourbon was made by the Reverend Elijah Craig of Georgetown, Kentucky, in 1789.

It became the favorite tipple of two famous Daniels—Webster and Boone. It was acclaimed by Davy Crockett, Henry Clay, and a host of robust men in every walk of life; statesmen, explorers, soldiers and sailors, industrial leaders and educators, to say nothing of prominent members of the clergy.

Bourbon's orginator, the Reverend Craig, was a deeply religious man. He hated the economic waste that he observed in Kentucky, which grew enormous crops of fine corn that lacked transportation. Kentucky needed markets for its native produce, he knew. The abundant corn fattened the droves of hogs and from them was processed what was—and is—about the finest salt-cured ham in the world, so good that currently they rival the famous Smithfield hams of Virginia. But the market for both hams and corns was a purely local one. And the corn was difficult to transport in bulk. If the corn could be reduced in volume, it would be easier to transport.

The Reverend Elijah did some deep thinking, came up with the idea of distilling a whiskey which he decided to call Bourbon after a county in Kentucky. He overlooked the main asset in the proposed venture, limestone water. An abundance of it spurts from hillsides and it is so strongly infused with limestome that it is slightly milky. It proved to be ideal in making bourbon. The mash was cooked in it; it was used to cool the coils and stills; and it imparted an unappareled smoothness to the distillate. As the Reverend Elijah looked over the land appraisingly, he discovered another asset that was convenient and cheap—an abundance of white oak for the staves needed to make the charred barrels in which the whiskey could be stored, aged and colored to a deep amber.

His venture took on stature, became prosperous. Naturally, others followed suit, and soon there were many

distilleries in operation in Kentucky. The whiskey was aged according the whim of the early distillers, sold in kegs and barrels to saloons and general stores. The distillers gave the buyers bottles in which to draw off the whiskey for what we now call off-premises consumption.

The ugly head of competition became visible and claims for purity, age and smoothness were made and matched with great readiness by various distillers. Salesmen of the distillers were not without guile. They invariably carried a pocket of iron 10-penny nails and it was their wont to slip a few of these into the barrels of bourbon made by a competitor. Presently, customers would swallow a dipperful of bourbon from their favorite barrel, clutch their throats and scream and cuss that they had been poisoned. Bourbon, it seemed, became acid-like liquid when exposed to iron.

At such times, the owner of the establishment where the tragedy occurred would pour himself a dipper of bourbon and take a healthy slug. To the horror of the proprietor, he discovered that the victims had not been fooling. They certainly had a decided grievance. Another keg or barrel from the same distillery was opened, free drinks were served and the bourbon was pronounced perfect. Saloon owners and storekeepers took a long time to discover the cause of the trouble, and by this time, the practice had become general.

In spite of crude distillation methods, bourbon literally became the native wine of Kentucky. It was made elsewhere, in fact almost any place where corn would grow, where the springs gushed the famous limestone water, but there was a concentration in Kentucky. The concentration is as simple as Detroit being the car center of the world and Akron becoming the tire kingdom.

Bourbon became an integral part of the social life of Kentucky. Wherever it was consumed, it was respected and held in high affection. Enormous punchbowls of a fascinating blend of bourbon and fruit juices were common features at the grand balls, the gay parties held in city mansions, the hospitable plantation houses.

The hunt breakfast became a tradition of the period. The yards of plantation homes were filled with stamping horses, with women correctly habited, gracious and lovely, full of sparkle and life—with tall lean men whose riding boots had a dull gleam, who were correct and polite.

Two things featured the hunt breakfast. There were glasses of whiskey sour, composed of bourbon as a starter, for this was before the day of orange and vegetable juices. There would be a vast and succulent baked ham on the sideboard, a Negro slave who sliced it paper thin. There would be relays of beaten biscuits, scads of honey and home-made jams, eggs any way the guests preferred them. It was a leisurely meal, a dignified repast, eaten standing up, for the tight breeches of the men made it difficult for them to sit down. There would be a final cup of coffee and the conversational din would rise in tempo. Outside the impatient hounds would raise their voice in eager competition, the riderless horses would prance. All mounted, the departing guests would take a stirrup cup of good bourbon. There would be a clatter of hooves, the crack of the whip from the master of the fox hounds, and the hunt was officially launched. Yoicks!

It is said that Kentucky had—and still has—a plethora of colonels, not a few of whom had been titled by an act of the legislature, or named by the governor, an honorary title. The traditional colonel was a spare old man; he sported a white goatee of distinguished size, his apparel was neat, he was always pictured lounging on the pillared porch of a country plantation, gazing with deep satisfaction across white fenced fields of blue grass in which capered thoroughbred colts, their sedate mothers. The picture of ease, he relaxed almost continously, sipping ever and anon from a frosted silver mug of mint julep.

And well he might have for the Kentucky julep is a thing apart. The method has come down through the ages without change. It is simple to make and it has great virtue. Duels were fought by Kentucky gentlemen against Virginians, the natives of Tennessee, Marylanders and others who clung to an alien school of thought as to what they believed to be a proper ceremonial julep.

A Kentucky Senator was invited to a soiree in Washington at the home of a famous hostess. He was offered a julep, tasted it, and his face turned a fiery red, and he choked a little. He hastily excused himself, left the party muttering about the sheer treason of anyone who tried so unsuccessfully to duplicate the true Kentucky julep. A man of firm conviction, he rejected all further invitations to this home, regarded it as off bounds for any true Kentuckian.

The true son of Kentucky is a self-appointed judge of good bourbon. He can't be fooled, for this is an inherited wisdom as a rule. He knows, or example, that bottled-in-bond is not a guarantee of goodness, but of alcoholic strength. It is a government designation meaning that in addition to being a true bourbon distilled at the proper proof, aged in the right kind of barrels, it has been kept in those barrels for a minimum of 4 years, not more than 8 years. It is whiskey that must be the product of one distillery, and made in the fall or spring of the same year. It must be bottled at 100 proof, no more, no less.



The judge of bourbon bases his firm opinions on the following:

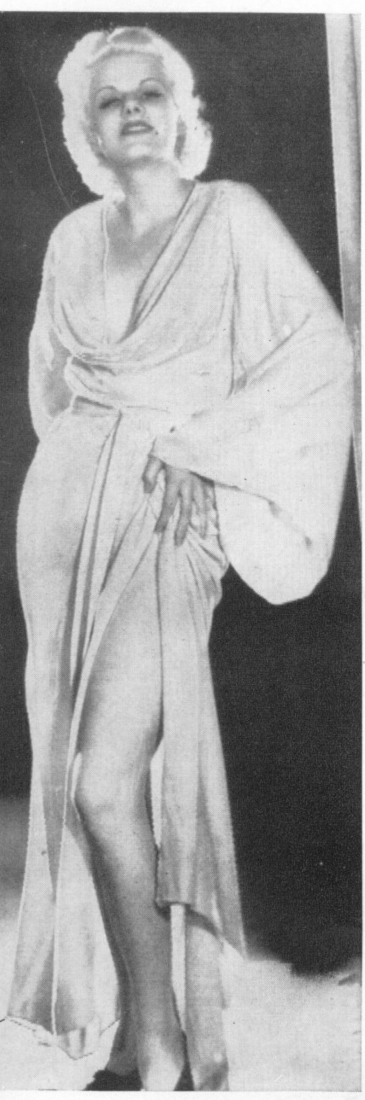
(1) The bead
(2) The cling
(3) The empty glass
(4) The palm
(5) The sip

The judge will take a bottle of bourbon, shake it gently, delightedly watch the bubbles rise and break. The richer the bead, the longer it will last.

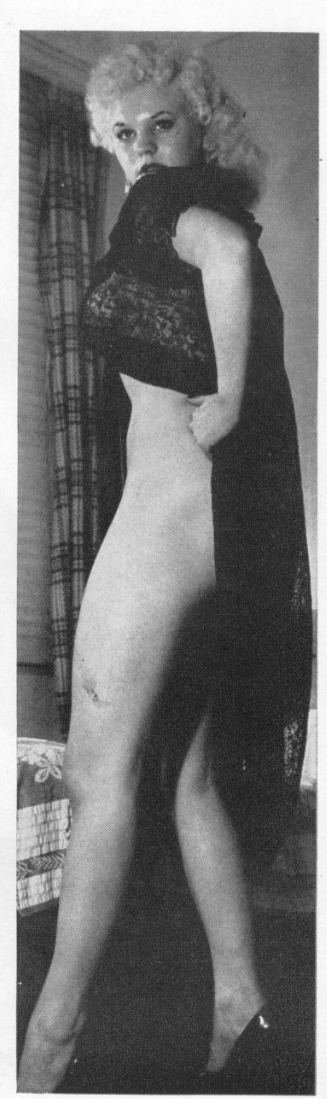
As for the cling, a goblet is partially filled with bourbon, the glass is slowly twirled between the palms, forcing the whiskey up along the sides. The glass is then held stationary. The driblets will gather, slowly (*continued on page 48*)

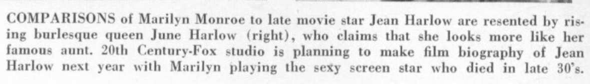


"Lucky Joyce, she's collecting workmen's compensation. She backed into a sizzling platter!"









COMPARISONS of Marilyn Monroe to late movie star Jean Harlow are resented by rising burlesque queen June Harlow (right), who claims that she looks more like her famous aunt. 20th Century-Fox studio is planning to make film biography of Jean Harlow next year with Marilyn playing the sexy screen star who died in late 30's.

JUNE HARLOW
NAKED AMAZON

I STRIPPED AT 16

Niece of famed movie platinum blonde tells how she started in burlesque at early age because those are girl's 'best years.'

By June Harlow

I STARTED stripping when I was 16 years old.

People sometimes look shocked when I tell them that. They wonder how a "mere child," as they call me, could even think in her teens of making her living as a stripper. They wonder what effect it had on my morals. And then they shake their heads in disbelief even more when they learn that my aunt was the famous movie star, Jean Harlow, and that I began stripping at 16 because I figured that was the easiest way to follow in her footsteps in show business.

And then the final crusher comes when they find out that I got married when I was 17—and that my husband

IN FRONT OF MARQUEE at Chicago theater where she is featured, June Harlow displays beauty that resembles her famed aunt, late star Jean Harlow.



CABARET

QUEEN OF THE MONTH

June Harlow

. . . She dreams of following her aunt, Jean Harlow and becoming Hollywood star.



IN PHOTO STUDIO, June proves excellent model as well as talented stripper. She has had bit parts in several movies, including "Twelve Mile Reef" and "City That Never Sleeps."

is a brother of famed baseball great Joe DiMaggio.

I guess that it all does add up to something startling to people who live a sheltered life. But as far as I'm concerned, I don't regret any of it for one little minute. In fact I'm very happy that I started stripping when I was "sweet sixteen," a time when some girls just start dating. My early start means that I haven't wasted any of my "best years."

And certainly a girl has her "best years" and that applies particularly to strippers. Today a girl is old in stripping by the time she is 25. If she hasn't made it by then, she might as well give up. Sure, there are some who last longer—gals like Carrie Finnell or Gypsy Rose Lee or Sally Rand. But they aren't making it any more on what they show but rather how they show it—or what's left of it.

They are the exceptions that prove the rule. For the ordinary girl, the best years are the young years when you don't have to worry about stretch, sag or slump.

They're the years when you have your greatest appeal for audiences, and believe me, unless you're a Gypsy or a Carrie, you haven't got a chance when you lose that. Starting early has brought me to the point where today, at 18, I am the youngest featured performer in burlesque. I have my whole career before me, and I'm already half way up the ladder.

I have plenty of time to make it the rest of the way to the top. I don't

LONG SLENDER legs and shapely torso were developed by June after long reducing diet. She likes to act as glamour girl (below) even when she goes to bed after long night's stage work.



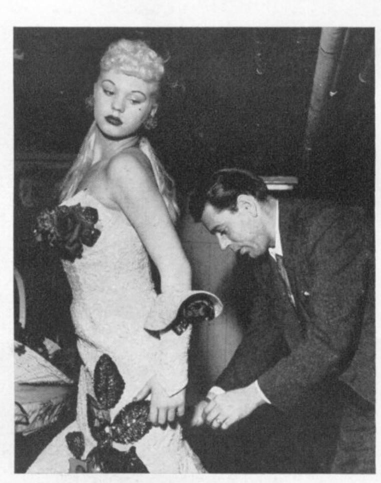
JUNE LIKES TO PORTRAY THEMES in her numbers. Two contrasting motifs are presented in American Beauty Rose number in which she is clad in rose costume and tosses fresh roses to audience. In another she does cat dance (left). "I try to portray something in my numbers," she says. "I don't just come out and take off all my clothes just for the sake of being undressed."



IN DRESSING, June puts on a show, too. June believes girl should learn how to undress gracefully before husband and practices the art herself.



PREPARING BREAKFAST for husband is regular chore for June. Her marriage to Anthony DiMaggio combined two famous families—the baseball DiMaggios and the acting Harlows.



HELPING HAND with costume is given June by hubby before she goes on stage. He acts as master of ceremonies for her strip tease act in many clubs.



READY FOR STAGE ENTRANCE, June makes her way up stairway from basement dressing room at Follies Theater in Chicago, where she was headliner.

know if I'll last beyond 25, but by that time I hope I won't have to worry about it. I'll have it made.

No, I don't regret starting early at all, and my advice to any girl who is thinking of show business as a career would be: start early.

How does a girl get started as a stripper at the age of 16? That's not an easy one to answer for other girls. But I can tell how it happened to me.

My aunt was the late Jean Harlow, who is still famous as the most beautiful movie star of the 1930's, and the original "platinum blonde." Aunt Jean died—of uremic poisoning, not in an airplane crash, as many people think—just a year before I was born. I never knew her personally, and it is one of the greatest regrets of my life. But her personality was constantly present throughout my childhood. My relatives talked about her a lot, and every so often someone would look at me and say: "Little June takes after her aunt. When she grows up, she'll probably follow in her footsteps."

Then they would turn to me and say, "How would you like to be a big movie star, honey?"

There was never any question in my mind what I was going to be when I grew up. I was going to be a big movie star just like Aunt Jean. It's an ambition I still cherish, and one that I am constantly working to achieve.

As time passed, however, it became pretty plain that there was one big catch to my ambitions about show business. To put it bluntly, I grew up fat and not at all pretty. Somehow, my baby resemblance to Aunt Jean faded, and instead of her delicate features and slender limbs, I found myself with a round, snub-nosed face and pudgy figure.

I began to feel like an ugly duckling. The talk about my great career somehow faded out of the family conversations.

It didn't get any better when, at 13, I left home in Kansas City to go to live with my married sister in St. Louis. I began to feel desperate. School got less and less interesting. The future seemed hopeless.

Then one day I read an ad in the paper that said, "Girls Wanted—No Experience Necessary." It was put in by the manager of a show lounge on Chestnut Street in St. Louis, where I was living. So, I did the only thing I could see to do. I packed my bag, walked quietly out of the house, and went to him. (*Continued on page* 45)

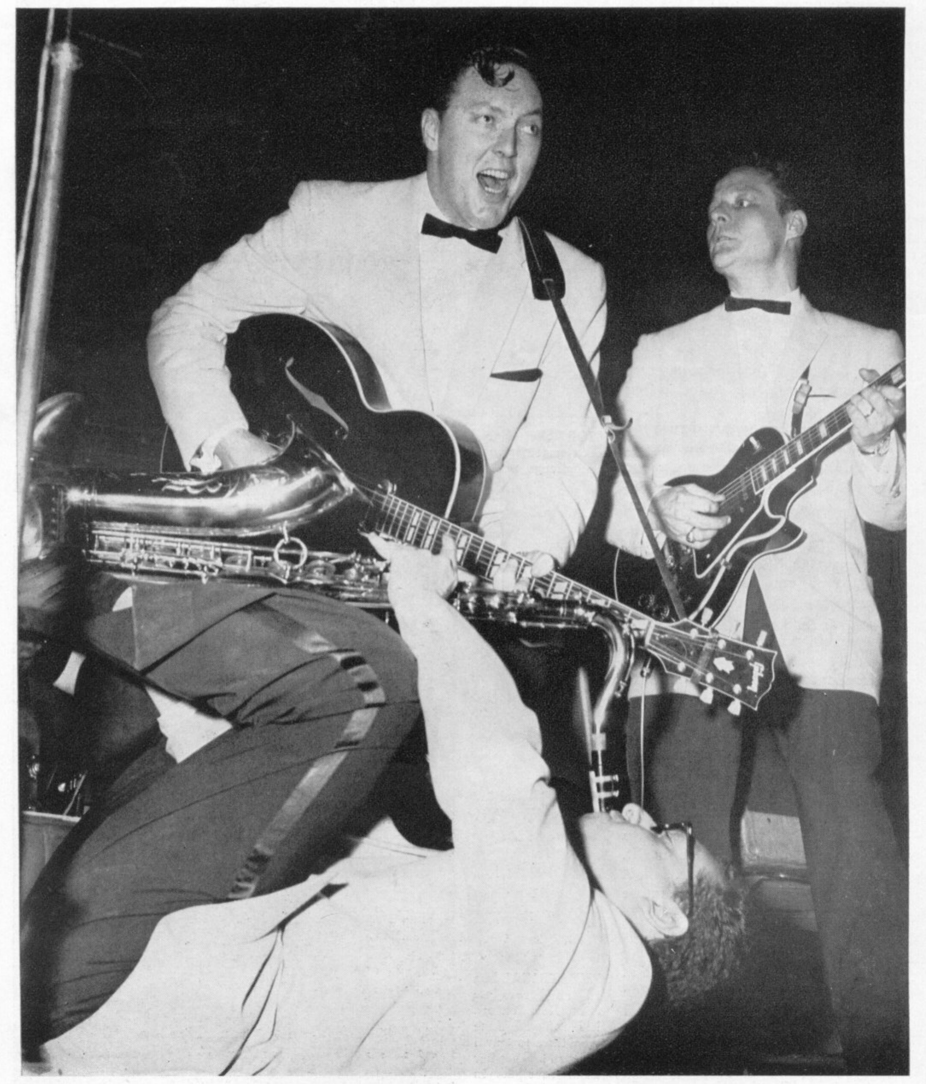


WORKING IN NITERIES, June likes to dance at the edge of stage and perform for each customer individually. "Night club work is exciting," she notes. "It offers more of a challenge than anything I've done." She started in chorus line in St. Louis theater.



THEATRICAL bug inherited from late aunt, Jean Harlow, has infected June who likes to travel on road and see her name in lights in front of theaters.

BILL HALEY:



BILL HALEY beats out tune on his guitar while saxophonist curls up on floor to blow at one of his rock 'n' roll concerts.

HIGH PRIEST OF ROCK 'N' ROLL

While do-gooders shout he's fulfilling sex urges with R & R cult, Bill insists he just provides fun for youngsters.

By Leonard Bennett

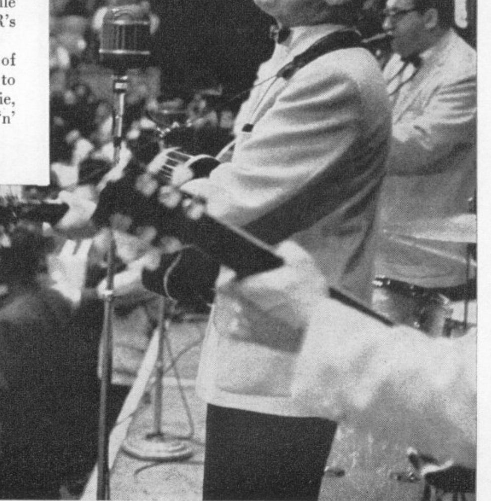


VARIED REACTIONS OF GIRL FANS to R & R is seen in these two girls, one almost about to cry and other shouting and laughing hysterically in response to one of Bill Haley's hot tunes.

WHAT "23 skiddoo" and "Oh you kid" were to the roaring 20's, such expressions as "See you later, alligator" and "After a while, crocodile" have become to the frantic 50's. They are a product of the rock 'n' roll era, a mad, boisterous, wild binge of erotic music that has the younger generation bouncing about in delirium shouting hosannahs for the high priest of the cult, a cool, calculated gent named Bill Haley who is bound to make a cool, calculated million before the rock 'n' roll craze dies.

There are those who believe rock 'n' roll is some kind of new phenomenon that is responsible for all the juvenile delinquents in the land. They are claiming that the 2 R's are replacing the 3 R's for teenagers.

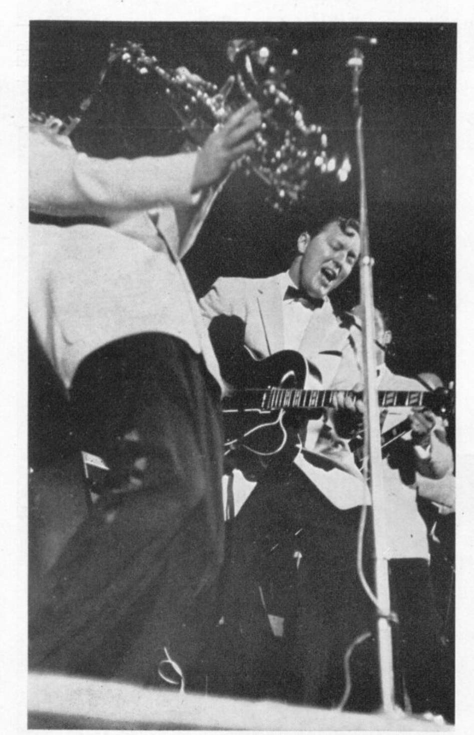
Another crowd sees in rock 'n' roll the sinister hand of what they call the "integrationists," people who want to end the color line in the South. And in some parts of Dixie, pickets have actually patrolled outside halls where rock 'n' roll has been played.







SPIT CURL is cultivated by Bill Haley for concert appearances. Suits which he changes between numbers are laid out on table in his dressing room (right). Tastes are conservative.



WILD ANTICS OF HALEY unit brought down wrath of Miami city censors, which blasted R & R at concert as "worm wiggle."

But the sane, sober musicologists who follow the history of rhythm state very simply that rock 'n' roll is no more and no less than what it sounds like—good music. Actually its ancestry goes back through varying schools of jazz beginning with Dixieland and tracing its way through swing, bebop and cool. If anything, rock 'n' roll is basically a graduate school of swing with the same fundamental beat and even Bill Haley might admit that in private.

But as the high priest of R & R, Haley refuses to talk much about his art; rather he practices what he won't preach. And as a practitioner of R & R, Haley is doing quite well, thank you.

In only two years time the Haley aggregation called the Comets has sold more than 8,000,000 records. Today R & R is the No. 1 music form in the land, Tin Pan Alley analysts admit, in terms of record sales, and will likely go on being successful for at least another year.

Bill Haley is neither dazed nor even surprised that his records far outsell Sinatra's, Como's, Shore's and Stafford's, or that he and his gang, when they make personal appearances, are the hottest item in the music world today. Their "See You Later, Alligator" went over the 1,000,000 platter marker in less than two months. "Crazy, Man, Crazy," and "Shake, Rattle and Roll" also hit a million sales, and "Rock Around The Clock" passed two million.

They play to standees when they unleash their manic energy in theaters, night clubs, auditoriums and drive-ins. Their second movie for Columbia Pictures, "Rock Around The Clock," was shot in no time at all and at a ridiculously low budget, but played 300 cities and broke box office records in sober cities like Denver, Seattle, and Omaha. They were offered $45,000, plus transportation costs for themselves and their families, to play 15 days in Australia. It's been estimated that, if they wished, they could work 80 weeks out of every 14. Their recording company, Decca, can't get their discs mailed to distributors fast enough.

What's made this outfit as big as it is? Professionals in the pop field have debated it, and (*Continued on page* 51)

LOOKING LIKE SOCIETY GIRL in clothes or just draped in fox fur piece, Brandy Martin proves a class performer wherever she strips.

SOCIALITE STRIPPER...



MINK STOLE is part of costume on stage and off.

Brandy Martin emerged from same society set as Grace Kelly to become burlesque exotic.

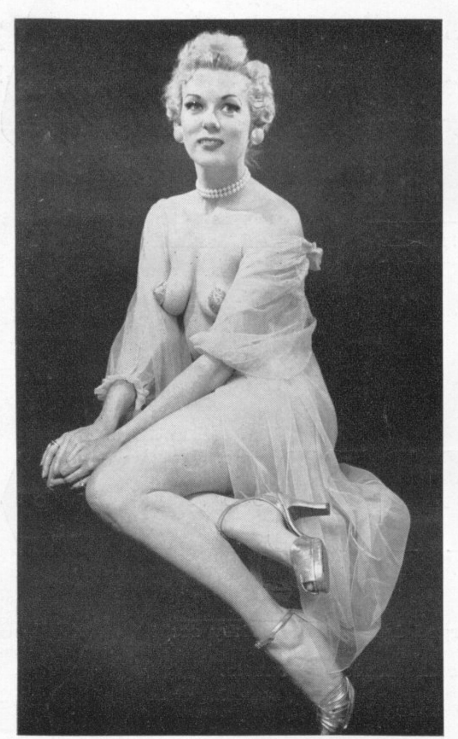
By Arch Ayres



RELAXING BETWEEN SHOWS, Brandy displays charm that has made her Harold Minsky's choice as one of top strippers.



DRESSED IN LAVISH GOWN, Brandy starts her act with sedate walk around stage to soft music. She often works in Miami.



ARISTOCRATIC CARRIAGE is maintained by Brandy, even when wearing flimsy lingerie. She is well-proportioned 37-23-35.

BECAUSE her parents are conspicuously-prominent Philadelphia socialites, Brandy Martin's name is as real as a twelve-dollar bill. But that's the only phony thing about this dignified ball of sex-stoked fire who, in just the past year, has become one of the hottest items in burlesque — a strip teaser with a high society background.

Brandy was about as socially prepared to become a professional stripper as Elvis Presley was primed to study under a Rhodes scholarship. Born into wealth, Brandy's parents moved her from New York to Philadelphia when she was four years old.

"Our first house there had just about everything but a moat," Brandy recalls now. "It was enormous—ornate, high and wide, quite beautiful and a little frightening. I was privately tutored till I was twelve years old, then my parents enrolled me in a private school in New Jersey. I must have been about sixteen or seventeen before it really occurred to me that there might be girls my own age somewhere in the world who didn't have all the material comforts they wanted."

Living on the Main Line, however, did give Brandy the basic essentials of the exotic number that she does currently on the burlesque circuit. She has that evasive thing



DROPPING SOPHISTICATION, Brandy also drops her gown and becomes an uninhibited stripper whose bumps rate with the best.

called class when she starts removing her clothes. Tall and perfectly proportioned at 37-23-35, Brandy performs the usual physical gyrations that are the tricks of her current trade but leaves the feeling that somehow or other she's different. And certainly she is.

This Philadelphia story has a happy ending but it was not that story at the start.

The girl who now bumps and grinds out a living confesses she never felt quite relaxed about making a social stir with that silver spoon which had been born in her mouth. Not unlike Grace Kelly's father Jack, who'd started life as a laborer and had worked for his millions, Brandy's father had been poor and had made a fortune within a little more than a year by parlaying some borrowed money into a stock and bond empire. The Martins (as Brandy asks us to call them here) had as much or more money than their Pennsylvania neighbors, but they were not fully brought into the blue book category until Brandy's industrious mother took over and vowed that her daughter was not going to be snubbed by the other families of wealth simply because Papa — like Jack Kelly — had not inherited his aristocracy.

Determined that Brandy would (*Continued on page* 46)



"Amazing rhythm haven't they!"

glamour gab

By Morton Cooper

FOREIGN COMMUNIQUES. Jennie Lee, just back from the Orient, reports that peelers there have no talent and little to show. She told a newsman in Tokyo: "They don't tease correctly. They just come out on stage and say here it is." Between bumps Jennie is trying to organize an exotics dancers' softball team. . . . The most popular belly-rina in Egypt is a gal named Badia, whom American impresarios have been trying to import. Badia who performs with her own troupe of navel academicians, each of whom she personally trained, insists she's happy where she's doing her belly rolls now. . . . By latest count there are now 112 strippers operating in Paris. Perhaps the oddest number, in Paris or anywhere else, is the gal who comes out dressed in widow's black and proceeds to unpeel to funeral music. . . .

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TV TOPICS. NBC has long had a ban on anything resembling bumps and grinds on its television network but Elvis Presley has been getting away with it on a variety of shows. However, the fuddy-duddies finally caught up with him after he appeared on the Milton Berle show. Elvis has been told to keep pelvis under control under TV cameras or else he'll be banned. . . . One New York newspaper critic wrote after Presley's TV show: "Burlesque bombshell Georgia Southern really deserves equal time to reply in gyrating kind." . . . Walter Winchell will have a night club of his own on television this Fall. It'll be on the NBC network and consist of top acts from show business that the columnist himself will pick. . . .

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SCREEN STUFF. For the first time, Hollywood film production code has okayed nudes in a movie. The arty picture, "The Naked Eye," is about the art of photography and includes extensive scenes of total nudity, some of them by internationally famous photog Edward Weston . . . Minneapolis movie operators have come up with a new gimmick to attract customers. Because the local newspapers have been so sensitive in censoring movie ads that feature sex, the local houses have gone out of their way to advertise their films as for adults only. The result has been a big increase in business. . . . Cleo Moore, who has spent most of her adult life playing a dumb blonde in the movies, has finally decided she's had enough. She's kissed off Columbia Pictures and issued this declaration of independence: "A blonde has to be a lot smarter than a brunette because she has to go through life proving how dumb she isn't." . . . Two Broadway musicals are set for filming. The long delayed "Can Can" will star Danny Kaye and Maurice Chevalier. . . . MGM is doing "Silk Stockings," also by Cole Porter, with Fred Astaire and Cyd Charisse. . . .

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PUBCRAWLING. Comic Morey Amsterdam, who says he wrote "Rum and Coca Cola" ("And I've got the law suits to prove it") is currently killing nitery audiences with his impersonation of James Cagney—all in Yiddish. . . . Paramus, N.J.'s Steak Pit will serve only two Pernods to a customer. It seems the liquor not only sends you to loopyland fast but its anise is a sex stimulant. And quite legal, too. . . . Nat King Cole opens at the Coconut Grove in Los Angeles on Sept. 5 for three weeks—a first for him. Days, he's co-star with Lana Turner and Van Johnson in a Ben Hecht picture at MGM. . . . Club business in Manhattan, now picking up, became suddenly and unaccountably bad this Spring. The only time the ropes were up was when two cafe bosses hanged themselves. . . . Out in Las Vegas they're making a new claim for slot machines: it's the only thing that can stand with its back to the wall and defy the whole world.



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RECORD ROW. The Crewcuts, hotter than their records not only here in the States but also on South Africa juke boxes, have been signed for personal appearance early in 1957 when that city celebrates its 70th anniversary. . . . Remember Arthur Tracy, The Street Singer? With $5,000,000 from real estate, he's gone from singing on streets to buying streets. He's recording again, now for Columbia — this time as a hobby. . . . "Ella Fitzgerald Sings The Cole Porter Songbook" tops the sales of anything Ella's done yet and is expected to outsell all other record albums in 1956. . . .

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BUMP BANTER. Maybe it's a counter-movement to the increasing number of kingsize strippers in burly. Now there's a midget peeler unveiling around the circuit. She's a Mexican gal named Almendrita, who's just about waist high to the average man or woman for that matter (see photo). . . . Evelyn West is now booked solid for the next ten months—an unheard-of feat among the strip set. . . . From Minsky's third row center, Rita Grable is a ringer for Monroe. . . . The most libelous statement yet comes from a Nevada critic who suggested that tall, torrid Betty Howard does not have much upstairs. Our official answer: Buddy, have you looked at her stairway lately? . . . Pert Julie Gibson of the Wedge in Philadelphia, is the late peeler to turn legit. She's now finishing a season of summer stock, having established a box office record as the native girl in that creaky perennial, "White Cargo."

THE WORLD'S RAWEST BURLESQUE SHOW

(*Continued from page 22*)

lesque, French Folies Bergere, Cuban humor, Latin dance and stag parties the world around.

The curtain, obviously a holdover from the decades-past Chinese drama, opens to reveal a stage filled with girls. Tall, short, skinny, fat, light, dark, they pose on a series of platforms, modestly attired in shorts and bras.

The orchestra swings into a fast rhumba. The girls break their poses, form a chorus line and advance, smiling, to the stage apron. There they demurely reach behind, undo a snap and doff their bras, dangling them enticingly as they two-step back to the rear of the stage.

With a tremendous fanfare from the orchestra, the curtain sweeps shut. The orchestra begins another tune. The curtain re-opens, to discover the girls, now nude, each covering herself modestly with a parasol. Once again they advance, twirling the parasol, and doing a series of side-step maneuvers that parody the Radio City chorus line. Then, suddenly, the lovelies all fold up their parasols and stand, completely revealed.

Blackout. Fanfare. Curtain.

This sort of display alternates through the show with three other main attractions. Of these, the sexiest is doubtless the series of semi-apache dances done by Conchita Lopez and Alfred Romero. The pair whirl around the stage while Romero systematically strips the fair Conchita to G-string and bra. Then, in a solo bit, she finishes stripping altogether.

Blackout. Fanfare. Curtain.

Occasionally, as an encore, the lights and curtain come up to reveal the many-shaped chorines in another nude tableau for an instant.

Third on the bill is one of a series of blackout skits which are almost impossible for the tourist to understand, but throw the native audience into convulsions of laughter. Almost any French, American or Cuban work that can be cut and edited to make a sex "point" is grist for arranger Antonio Lopez.

Cuckoldry, adultery, a boy's first visit to a bawdy house, fairydom, and the amorous problems of old age are typical themes. All of the playlets are liberally interlarded with topical references, colloquial ad-lib wisecracks. Frequently the players, who double, triple, and even quadruple in roles through the evening, don the makeup of famous screen or television stars.

Typical of the humor is a popular skit involving a boy and a girl in a restaurant. The two sit at a bare table, the waiter appears and pulls a pair of menus from his pocket.

The boy asks where the tableware is. Without a word, the waiter pulls knives, forks, spoons, napkins out of his pocket and sets the table. After some discussion of the menu, the girl orders coffee. Out comes a cup and a pot and the coffee is poured. Salt and pepper? Si, senor, right here in the hip pocket. Sugar? Yep, in a bottle from the jacket breast pocket.

Where, then, asks the girl, is the cream? The waiter leaves nothing to the imagination in answering that one.

Competing with the live entertainment are the interludes of stag movies, shown on a screen which drops in front of the main curtain. There, flickering dimly before the hundreds of upturned faces, appear some of the most prodigious physical endowments in the world, with graphic demonstrations of their use.

"This is probably the only public place in the world where such movies are shown," says Garcia. "So do not describe them in detail, for it would only cause difficulty."

Fearful that this fact may reflect on his native land, Garcia is quick to point out that none of the films are of domestic manufacture. "We obtain them from all over the world—New York, Paris, and Mexico City," he says.

Keeping a show on the boards is a grueling task for the staff and company of the Shanghai, because, says Garcia, "We change the show every day." The three-a-day schedule of performances is preceded by a full morning of rehearsals, in which the cast gets the next day's skits and dances in mind. To maintain the schedule calls for a company of 60 girls and a dozen men. In any one show, at least a dozen chorines, one or two principal dancers, and a half-dozen men may be involved.

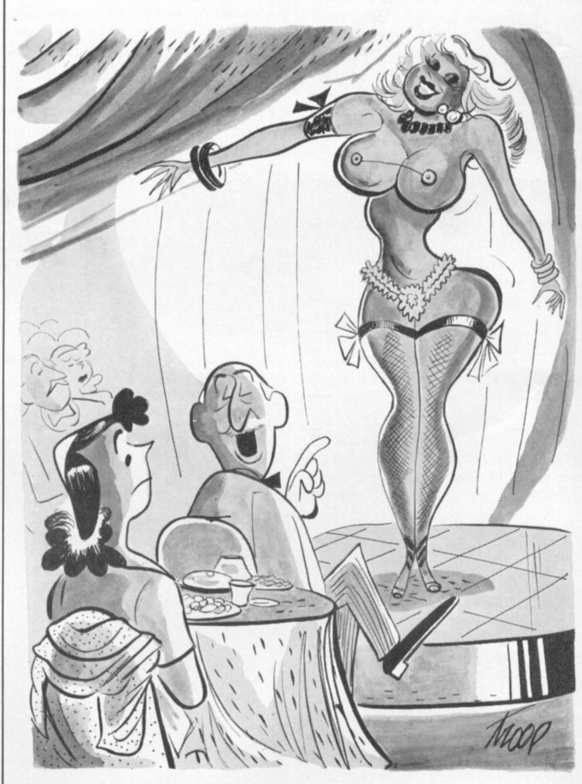
"It is a difficult task, but we have never missed a performance in the 24 years we have been operating—except, of course, for revolutions," says Garcia.

Garcia says that the theater has been so successful lately, that plans are under way for construction of a new, modern house in another part of town.

"When the Folies Bergere played the Blanquita theater here earlier this year," he says, "They jammed the house even though it is the world's largest theater in capacity.

"A good Havana burlesque will stay out of the red as easily as a bad one, and we feel that nothing is too good for our customers. When they come expecting to see an artistic performance, we will give it to them."

The Shanghai is not without some problems. Garcia complains that showgirls are not easy to find. He says: "Ours is a small country and there are not many girls who are willing to appear naked." *



"We'll complain about your food later—my dish is on right now!"

I STRIPPED AT 16

(*Continued from page* 35)

The lounge had a marquee on the front, and the manager promised to put my name on it if I would do a strip act. I won't tell who he was because he knew how old I was, and he covered up for me. I suppose you could say I owe my career to him.

Anyhow, I asked him what I would have to do, and he said: "Honey, all you have to do is get up there and take it off, and when it's off, then shake what's left."

I decided that would be kind of like dancing, which I'd always wanted to do, and maybe I could work into something better later on, so I took him up on it.

I was just two weeks past my 16th birthday.

I suppose that some people's eyebrows will disappear right into their hairlines when they read what I've just written.

Before they get too alarmed, I'd like to say something about show business of any kind, including the stripper circuit.

In some ways, we show people are funny folk. We work when most people are having a good time, and we sleep or have our fun while they're working. We travel a lot, and the rush and tension of showtime and touring give us a kind of hectic outlook on life. But just because we are different, it doesn't mean we aren't human. In fact, if you ask me, I think a lot of show people are more filled with human kindness and brotherly love than a lot of the people who look down on them as kind of freaks.

And, in their own way, they are just as moral.

That's what I found when I started working. The boss wouldn't let me mix with the customers, although I was willing, partly because I didn't know what it was all about, and partly because I wanted to make a good impression on my first job.

And the other entertainers were careful to see to it that no one ever suggested a thing to me that was improper off stage. Just because a girl takes her clothes off in front of people, it doesn't mean she wants to or is willing to do it anywhere and anytime.

Everyone wanted to see I didn't get hurt that way.

But in spite of this, my start wasn't easy. From the first, I met with the same kind of jealousy from older performers that I have met ever since.

There have been some wonderful people who are very dear to me for kindnesses they have done—Carrie Finnell, who calls me her "little baby doll," and Shiela "The Peeler" Ryan are two. But most of the older girls gave me the cold shoulder.

Even if I wasn't the beauty that my Aunt Jean was, I was still attractive enough to be entertaining with my clothes off. Maybe some of them felt the threat in my youth.

I might say that girls today who start in stripping have it a lot easier than I did. They often get good training—I had none but what I'd given myself in those bedroom practice sessions.

They also get good pay. Today a starting girl gets $75 or $100 a week, while only two and a half years ago I started at $35 a week.

Now however, I can command $400 a week, while girls who are just starting at the same age, get only the starting pay. I am happy that my apprenticeship is over. Before her salary can start to climb, a girl must learn a lot and I'm glad I did it before I reached 18.

One of my first and most important lessons came in Florida, where I went shortly after I started stripping. I was working down on the keys, when one night the manager came backstage after the show to tell me: "June, you ought to go back to St. Louis. You aren't ever going to get anywhere because all you can do is shake."

What he said was partly true. It was easy for me to shake, because I was so plump, and I did it most of the time.

"What people want," he told me, "is to see something shake that means something to them. Fat doesn't mean a thing, and unless you take off some of that stuff and get some new gimmicks into your act, you're going to get nowhere."

That started me on a diet kick that almost killed me.

In less than three months I dropped from 155 to 125 pounds. I did it by eating practically nothing—coffee and toast for breakfast, juice and salad for lunch, cottage cheese at night—and lots of exercise.

But to my great joy and surprise, my resemblance to Aunt Jean began to come back.

This was proven one day when some nosy neighbor, apparently annoyed at the sexy gymnastics I used to do in my back yard—I had a little cottage near Miami at the time, because I was working there—called the police.

I was busy doing the "bicycle" exercise with my legs in the air when the squad car came up. Two big policemen got out and came around to the yard, and explained they had come because of a complaint of indecent exposure.

I stood up in my bikini suit and looked them straight in the eye and said: "I am a professional entertainer and I am doing my exercises. I do them every day and they are necessary to keep my job. Would you arrest an honest working girl for taking care of the tools of her trade?"

They just stood there and looked for a minute. Then one of them blushed and said: "Well, I guess that's right." He and his buddy went away, but I noticed they drove past the house in the afternoon a good deal more often after that.

Indecent exposure indeed. I wonder what that neighbor would have said if she saw me at work!

There are many people who think that strippers must become immoral because they take their clothes off and often drink with the customers afterward. Let me tell you how I handled this problem when I first came up against it in New Orleans.

"You'll have to mix with the customers," my new boss said.

"But I don't drink," I protested.

"You, my sweet," he answered, "will learn."

I don't claim to have any great brain, any more than I claim to have a great talent. I just have a beautiful body and long platinum blonde hair. So it was easy for me to figure a way out of this one. I would be a real "dumb blonde."

It wasn't hard for me to put it on a little, and be real dumb. This made it possible for me to just ignore any passes I didn't like. If a man had his hand on my knee, I'd admire the setting in his ring, or the shape of his fingers. I was too "dumb" to get the pitch.

When drinks came, I was even dumber.

I would look at a bottle of champagne—I never drink anything but champagne when I'm working—and say: "This is terrible. We don't want to drink that stuff."

With that, I'd turn the bottle upside down in the ice bucket, and let it empty. The customer would be so surprised that he wouldn't know what to do until it was too late. Then I'd smile prettily at him. He couldn't be mad.

Sometimes when the second bottle came, I'd look at it, and say it wasn't any good either, and I'd throw it on the floor.

They'd mostly just look aghast, and say, "That's my baby. Beautiful, but oh, so dumb."

When I had to drink, I'd mostly just empty the glass on the floor while the customer wasn't looking. I'd go home sober, and the boss would be happy because I'd have used up more liquor than any two girls could drink. It got so that some of the rich customers used to come in and buy me drinks just to see what I'd do. They said it was worth it to lose the money.

So I don't think my early start has had any effect on my morals at all. I'm really a homebody, and at the moment I'm very much involved with Russ DiMaggio, youngest of the famous baseball brothers. I wouldn't be, if my morals were bad.

Meanwhile, my career is going along just fine. I hope I'll be able to fill my Aunt Jean's shoes before long. Don't get me wrong. I don't want to ride on her fame. I want to be an individual and reach stardom on my own merits.

But there is another actress whose name I'd rather not mention who has been called "the second Jean Harlow," and has made a lot out of it. This burns me up. I think if anyone is going to be the second Jean Harlow, it should be me. After all, blood is thicker than water, and while I don't think anyone could top Aunt Jean, I feel that I can come closest.

My measurements are almost exactly hers —37-23-35; my eyes and hair are the same color; and I'm within a half inch of her height. And I think by the time I am 23—the age at which my Aunt Jean entered movies—I will be a seasoned performer and ready to do the same kind of job.

Meanwhile, I am going to do the best I know how in the burlesque field. A lot of famous performers have come from it. I realize it isn't exactly the ballet career I dreamed of when I was a kid. But when I come on stage with my rose-red costume, and a big basket of American Beauty roses to throw to the audience, the applause is wonderful. And there's no more wonderful sound in the world.

Show business is show business, and now that I'm in it, I don't think it matters much how I got here. At least I didn't have to do any favors for any producers, if you know what I mean.

And the best years of my life—and my career—are still ahead of me. *

SOCIALITE STRIPPER

(*Continued from page* 41)

enter the debutante world, Mrs. Martin saw to it that her beautiful youngster was given just about every private lesson a girl could have and still have time to sleep and catch an occasional meal. She was taught ballet, acrobatics, piano, violin, singing, tap dancing, elocution and, of paramount importance to Mrs. Martin, poise, posture, and the social graces.

With a complete set of instructions memorized, Brandy obediently found herself in the whirlpool of debutantery by the time she was 17. Her awkward skinniness had given way to the svelte lines she has today, six years later. She remarks now, "Mother had her heart set on my getting into the Four Hundred and somehow it didn't seem sane to tell her I'd have been just as satisfied working to make enough to pay for a room of my own in New York, just as long as I could be near show business. Daddy sort of understood that I was never very happy in this social-climbing stuff, but he didn't do much about it. He was away from home on business a great deal of the time anyway."

Playing the social register role consisted chiefly of attending and giving parties for the children of the rich, of dancing, riding, sailing, and keeping company with boys who had what Brandy benignly called wooden personalities. She finally decided enough was enough on the evening she was told, second hand, that she was engaged to be married.

"That was pretty close to the last straw," she says. "It was something smack out of the dark ages, where marriages were arranged without the girl's even knowing about it. I came back to Philadelphia after a weekend in Manhattan where I'd been dating a boy who was just starting out in television, and I was given to understand that a party was to be held in a week to honor the engagement of myself and a fellow I'd seen — usually in a crowd — about ten times. His parents were high in Pennsylvania society. They were awfully well to do, and they and my mother put their heads together and decided it would be a happy match."

"That did it. I packed only a few things and ran to New York."

There was a period of tension after Brandy arrived in Gotham. Stubborn, desperate to be independent, she had few friends in the city, fewer contacts. She reviewed the mostly useless lessons she'd been taught by the endless stream of tutors and agreed with one friend that she did, in fact, have what it might take to be an acrobatic dancer. Still with no clear image of where she was headed, she went after bookings and found work. From acrobatics she moved on to chorus line after chorus line and toured Europe, Mexico, Canada, Panama and the West Indies, slowly but carefully building her name. Not once did she fall back on her family for money or encouragement.

It was when she was persuaded that stripping for a living would get her the independence she'd always sought that she began to feel surer of herself. "I'd never seen a strip tease before," she remembers, "or even known much about it. But I made a point of watching some of the top names, decided I had the shape and stage presence, and that was it. The embarrassment of taking my clothes off for agents didn't last long at all."

Nor did her amateur standing. Following her very first appearance in her new career, Walter Winchell wrote, "Brandy Martin will give Lily St. Cyr competition as a stripper." That cinched it, for she was besieged with offers within the next week and discovered she could choose the creamiest ones from the top.

Since then, the busty blue-eyed beauty has been rocketing nearer and nearer to the top. In her first season at Minsky's she earned marquee billing and has already appeared at every important strippery in the country.

She's a quiet, serious girl who neither hides nor flaunts her family background. She has definite likes and dislikes. She dates as often as time allows, but the suave lady killer is in for a huge letdown. She likes a good conversationalist who knows books and paintings, but the man bathed in ego will get the instant gate.

She's a summer outdoor enthusiast who loves boating; her own inboard cruiser bears her name. Between grind and bump engagements you'll see her aquaplaning or water skiing along Long Island Sound. She devours historical novels at an amazing speed. Currently her before-hours passion is photography and she's strong for the Available Light technique with her Leica M-3.

Today Brandy is riding the crest. There was a point of time in which her parents— particularly her mother — were convinced that having a stripper as a daughter was akin to having a werewolf in the family, but they have since contented themselves with accepting her wishes, maybe because for the first time in her life Brandy is doing exactly what she wants to do.

"It's funny," Brandy says, "to remember how Mother concentrated so hard on having me learn how to use my body gracefully. If she'd only known I'd be taking that education in time and become a disrober with it, I'm pretty sure she would've hired a tutor to teach me bricklaying instead." *

ARE EUROPEAN SINGERS SEXIER?

(*Continued from page* 13)

and turns around, that the south of her is also a decided asset. She interrupts the melody now and then to give out an exciting growl, low and gutteral. Her sense of humor is rich unborrowed. She is an accomplished artist with her double entendre songs.

Away from the microphone her zesty love for life is still as evident. She's healthy and outreaching in her *joie de vivre.* While there's a lot of comedy in her, she's not a Martha Raye, for instance. As she quips, she seems to be bubbling over with all the physical aspects of youth; you can't escape the feeling that she can be touched off easily, that her sexiness is every bit as genuine as her wit.

Within her full schedule, Monique finds time for dates, and has been escorted by the Marquis of Milford-Haven, Franchot Tone, Prince Christian of Hanover and Rex Harrison. Her ideas for good dates are fairly catholic: she likes theater, dancing, and dinner at Twenty-One, but on impulse will enjoy donning blue jeans and a sweater (a sight no student of shapeliness should miss) and riding down to Eddie Condon's the Village Vanguard, or the Bohemian to hear mountain-moving jazz. She's definite in her pronouncements of what an eligible man should have:

"Most importantly, he shouldn't have debts. He doesn't have to be dark or have bulging biceps, necessarily. But if he isn't my kind of man to look at, he should at least be my kind of millions."

Monique's first break in show business came when the late John Murray Anderson, that astute showman, was casting pretty and well-developed girls for his Broadway production of "*Almanac*" a few seasons back. His attention was riveted to the tall doll from Brussels whose face seemed so flawless and whose figure seemed so impossibly perfect, that he talked with her for only three minutes and then signed her on the spot. It didn't matter that her singing voice (which she admitted to Anderson was "very small but very unpleasant") would never threaten the likes of Shore or Stafford, or that her acting talents wouldn't ever challenge the Misses Hayes or Barrymore. Monique was startlingly beautiful. Anderson watched her bring her haughty grandeur across a stage and knew she had an immense future.

He was right. Now-blonde Monique, who until "Almanac" had necked with fame chiefly as the villainess in a Tarzan movie and as a TV foil to Abbott and Costello, is today the darling of newspaper columnists who can always count on candid and provocative quotes from her, and of stage and supper club audiences who feel an immediate rapport with her when she steps before them to sing or clown. Since her Broadway debut her rise has been little short of Monique-terrifique. Her two-week engagement stretched to five at the elegant Maisonette in New York. She had holdover engagements at the Ritz Carlton in Montreal, Chez Gerard in Quebec City, the Thunderbird in Las Vegas, the Chase's Starlight Roof in St. Louis, and the Mocambo in Hollywood—wherein she buxomly belted out naughty numbers such as "If I Could Tell You In English What I Think Of You In French." She has a soon-due LP record album on the Request label called "Monique At The Maisonette."

Show business was not Monique's original ambition. The luscious Monique first came to the United States as an exchange student and studied law at New York University. She had dabbled in theatrics in Europe, having appeared in Brussels' famed "1900 Revue" in 1946 at the age of 15, but for the most part ignored the offers of Belgian producers who winced at the thought of all that pulchritude being devoured in Darrowesque leanings.

Her interest in law dissolved though in 1949 when she met and married an American engineer. When that marriage swiftly fizzled, she left both him and this country to return to Europe, where she was instantly spied by Italian director Vittorio DiSica ("Bicycle Thief") in the lobby of the Ex-

celsior Hotel in Rome. DiSica, whose genius is matched only by his impulsiveness, asked Monique if she had ever been in the movies. She said no and, in fact, had no particular ambitions in that direction. The director insisted that she meet him the next day; within a month she was playing a part in his "Tomorrow Is Too Late"—the film which also introduced Pier Angeli.

"Tomorrow" was exported to America on a wave of heavy publicity, and Monique, cited by critics for her exquisite beauty, was caught in that wave and brought back here.

She married again, this time to Kurt Pfenniger, president of Muzak canned music, and while she waited for the movie offers to start pouring forth, she contented herself with the plush penthouse life in the cushier section of New York's East Side. For no reason she can sensibly explain today, she enrolled at Columbia University and studied philosophy and Egyptology. "I happened to see the name 'Egyptology' in the university brochure," she remarks, "and it sounded like such a pretty word."

Around the time her second marriage found itself on its last legs, television had become a mighty medium, and Monique VanVooren entered it, with good luck. Producer Sol Lesser happened to see her wiggling somewhere between Bud Abbott and Lou Costello on the Colgate Comedy Hour and signed her to appear with Lex Barker in a saga called "Tarzan and the She-Devil."

Asked what role she played, Monique answered, "I didn't play Tarzan."

After what she refers to as "that very emoting job" (and it's difficult to believe that even a herd of elephants could flatten her), Monique returned to New York and television. With Tarzan behind her, Monique embarked on her new career as *chanteuse* and proved once again that when it comes to projecting sex, the European gals have what it takes—even if it's not a singing voice. She is the embodiment of the doctrine that European singers are sexier than our home-grown breed. *

TROPICS CLUB

(*Continued from page* 18)

His favorite act is Donna, his young and attractive wife who, when she is not at home minding their daughter, swimming pool, Thunderbird and Cadillac, plays the Electrocord and sings light opera at the Tropics.

There has been the rumor, occasionally verified in certain parts of the country, that night club stripping is on the way out. Asked about it, Warren St. Thomas said, "I think it's done for if enough customers are convinced that the strip is presented for the sole purpose of taking their money away from them. If a patron's drinks are watered while he's watching the stage, and if the girls are hired not so much to take their clothes off as to romance him into spending money on them later on at the bar, then he's a jerk naturally, for allowing the whole institution to prosper.

"But we don't bother with 'mixing' at the Tropics, and we always give a customer his money's worth. As long as there's an interest in class stripping, in an atmosphere of class, there'll be the Tropics."

The countless numbers of customers who pour in night after night would seem to back this up. *

RESTAURANT OF THE MONTH

The Lesters

THE ONLY really authentic Creole restaurant north of New Orleans, the Lesters, is 23 miles from Times Square at 2000 Long Beach Road in Island Park, Long Island. Its menu is comprised solely of French Creole dishes. Guests never take one away as a souvenir for they are six feet tall, somewhat bulky to conceal under a jacket.

The exterior view is eye-catching and appealing. The dainty lace of iron over the flower-decked balcony is decorative, a touch of the French from New Orleans. The Italian Rose Garden is alluring and fragrant and the gay colors of this large citadel of calories literally pulls in clients.

The Family Dining Room is gracious. The antique copper collection has a soft sheen and the oil paintings on the walls, hand-painted trays, collector's items, good luck candle arbors of the Castle of Santa Cecelia, items collected on world tours of the owners, serve to supply the decor of this popular room. It makes dining a time for relaxation, for the enjoyment of fine Creole food.

There's the Supper Club Room, where the walls are velvety-black, the chandeliers a study in gold and crystal and the seats comfortable. This is for leisurely dining, a deluxe atmosphere that literally calls for champagne, lots of it!

The Sunken Bar is memorable. There is a friendly fireplace at one end and the atmosphere is subdued but enormously cheerful. You sample from an endless array of hors d'oeuvre trays, and if you miss the remoulade dip, you have overlooked something indescribably delightful and stimulating.



Lester Sermay

Lester Sermay, handsome and distinguished, presides in the large and busy kitchen, personally inspects every dish that is sent to a customer. If it fails to pass his critical inspection, someone gets shirted in no uncertain terms.

An ex-Army man, Lester knows the words and the music. He was with General Patton, got badly messed up by an exploding shell that did unpleasant things to his legs, hospitalized him for a long time. He used the words then, just as he can now. He has a great affection for the guests, many of whom have been steady and enthusiastic guests since the restaurant started. He insists that they have the best.

For them, he prepares such exotic dishes as flaming duck with wild rice and a tart cherry brandy sauce, a delightful and succulent item. The boneless capon is a thing of joy, ceremoniously served, and if your taste runs to a chateaubriand, it arrives on an oak plank, each slice juicy and red, an epicure's favorite. It's garnished with Creole rice in a ring, the center filled with sautéed mushroom caps. The Creole bouillabaisse is heartening and sustaining. The tab is reasonable—not too expensive for what you get.

The cellar is ample. If in doubt, consult Magee Sermay, the other half of the team that owns this lush establishment. She is the dynamic, charming and most hospitable hostess who makes you feel at home, hovers over your table, sees that the service is nothing less than perfect. She has a way with herbs, and the appealing flavors of the foods owe much to the herbs she grows and tends so competently.

The food is superior, the atmosphere friendly and cheerful. Naturally it attracts crowds, but a table can always be found. —HARRY BOTSFORD

ALL-AMERICAN INSTITUTION OF BOURBON

(Continued from page 26)

wend their way downward to the bulk of the liquid. The slower they move, the richer the bourbon. A full-bodied bourbon appears almost oily.

The empty glass is another phase of the ceremonial ritual. The glass is emptied, permitted to stand at room temperature for an hour or so. Then the judge raises the glass and sniffs. If the true fragrance of bourbon is still strong, rich, delicate and full, it has been a quality bourbon.

The palm is yet another ritualistic phase. A few drops of the bourbon is poured on the palms and they are briskly rubbed together. Bury the nose in the palms and sniff. If the aroma and characteristic fragrance is almost visible, the Bourbon has genuine merit.

The sip is the final, most decisive of tests. The bourbon is mixed with an equal part of pure water. The judge takes a swallows, rolls it around in his mouth, savors every hidden flavor, swallows it and feels its genial warmth flow gently through his body.

This is bourbon judged critically in Kentucky.

Today's Bourbon is all bottled, a method that came into being on the complaint of a physician. The nails-in-the-keg competitive rascality of distillery competitors, the practice of some unscrupulous vendors of slipping a finger-length of chewing tobacco into the keg to give it a stronger flavor, had caused the doctor to cease his practice of recommending a slug of bourbon to certain of his patients. Honest distillers welcomed this new bottle trend. The government came along with tax stamps that sealed the bottles and the purchaser was given a virtual guarantee that the contents of the bottle were simon-pure. The era of dilution and trickery was ended.

Essentially, the producers of bourbon distill along a specified pattern—but with delicate nuances from the norm. Otherwise all bourbons would taste alike. They don't. Selected ground corn is weighed, goes into a pastifier, is covered with limestone water, processed at low temperatures, then driven into "mash tubs" or converters where it is blended with de-alcoholized stillage from a previous distillation and cooled.

The rye is added, when the mash cools to 142 degrees, the malt is added. The temperature is kept at 142 degrees to permit the enzymes in the malt to convert the grains into maltose sugars, the only form in which the yeast can utilize natural grains. Thence, the materials are subjected to normal routines, and it flows through scientifically-engineered apparatus. At long last it emerges as a raw whiskey which is piped to a large receiving tank in the cistern room, cut to barreling proof by the addition of sufficient demineralized water.

Next the incipient bourbon goes into the new, charred white oak barrels. The barrels are nestled in an area where there is no summer or winter. The temperature and humidity is carefully and accurately controlled, its quality is checked from time to time.

The barrel's interior is of vital importance in this business of aging bourbon. The staves and heads are made of local white oak and are slow-charred over a precisely timed and controlled burner to a desired depth. The barrels of bourbon slumber peacefully for the prescribed times at the official proof. It is then cut to the standard bottling proof with distilled water before it is bottled.

The bourbon judge will tell you that the great labels in the modern family of fine Bourbons are: Ancient Age, Beam's, I. W. Harper, Jack Daniel, James E. Pepper, Kentucky Bred, Kentucky Tavern, Mr. Park, Mr. Tilford, Old Charter, Old Crow, Old Fitzgerald, Old Forester, Old Grandad, Old Taylor, Walker's DeLuxe and Walker's Private Cellar, Virginia Gentleman, Wild Turkey and Yellowstone. He has tried them all.

If the Bourbon judge is in a genial mood, he will ask you to have a true Kentucky mint julep. And he may say disparaging things about the juleps made elsewhere, say them gently but firmly. Watch him carefully as he prepares each separate julep—this is educational. It can be useful.

He will probably use a plain, elderly coin-silver julep mug, the traditional container. It's the same size, top to bottom; It has little in the way of decorations, aside from minor dimples that may be regarded as service stripes. He carefully removes the leaves from two sprigs of lush mint. These are placed in the mug with 1 tablespoon of water, ½ teaspoon of powdered sugar, gently bruised. Then a jigger of bourbon is added, the glass is filled with shaved ice. A long spoon is inserted and twirled lazily until the outside of the silver mug is covered with the white rime of frost. The only garnish is a full spray of fresh mint. As you sip with deep appreciation, your nose is literally buried in the fragrant mint.

You'd better say that's it's the best mint julep ever tasted. Duels, you know! Besides, it really is superlative. The mixer deserves praise. Also, it's one way to guarantee a refill! *

MOST ELITE NIGHT CLUBS

(Continued from page 8)

tails. But once he's in—or even when he's not yet in—he is at one or another of his dozens of telephones doing Stork Club business. If not engaged in running his joint, Billingsley's only other digressions are concerned with Sortilege perfume—a production offshoot of the club. Billingsley is almost antagonistic toward all other business ventures. A former real estate operator, he still has several pieces of midtown property, but he seems vaguely annoyed when called upon to negotiate the sale of any of these, or even to consider leasing them.

As to personal backgrounds, Billingsley and Perona have possibly one thing in common. Both are self-educated. Billingsley freely confesses that he had exactly four years of American grammar school education. Perona vaguely admits to elemental schooling, which in the Italy of his boyhood couldn't have been much more than four full semesters. Perona is reticent about his background, but admits that he came to this country as a youth after apprenticeships as a busboy in London and Paris restaurants. This, at least, puts Perona in the lifetime restaurateur class. Not so with Billingsley. The latter fondly remembers his first job in Enid, Oklahoma, at the age of seven. His older brothers had given him a toy wagon. He could do with it as he liked provided he carried out one daily chore. Each day he had to cart his wagon with a covered load of "soda pop" down to the Indian reservation and sell the bottles to the Cherokees. Selling firewater to Indians was, and still is, unconstitutional. Thus, Billingsley, at seven years of age, was possibly the youngest bootlegger in our history.

Perona hems and haws about his climb up the social and speakeasy ladder. He refers openly to places he ran during prohibition. Contemporaries remember him, in the old days, as a leading light in the social affairs of the Club Sicilone, better known as the dread Mafia. During prohibition he had speaks in the West midtown streets and it was in one of these, in the long ago era when Louis Angel Firpo was here to fight Jack Dempsey, that he met Firpo and Firpo's friends. As a consequence, Perona has held the rich and openhanded South American trade through all his years of saloon operation.

Billingsley's career took an entirely different tangent. He ran drug stores. He operated garages. He bought and sold real estate, as did his older brothers. He followed them to New York. He boasts now that he never was and is not now very "smart" but that he always had a stubborn pride in not allowing himself to fail in any undertaking. Back in 1928, two visiting friends from Oklahoma decided to get into the booze and food business. Billingsley found them a spot in West 58th street. As opening time drew near, the friends became a little nervous. They were country boys in the big town. They asked Billingsley to come in on the operation as a one-third partner. Billingsley agreed.

Sitting around the empty room that was the first of three Stork Clubs, Billingsley got more and more stubborn. He would not, he decided, fail in anything as simple as the speakeasy business. He bought out one old friend and then the other. He was in the saloon business alone and to stay, although it was doubtful that he thought so at the time.

Billingsley, soon thereafter, moved his West Side speak, now fairly famous, to his first East Side location. He abandoned this spot, in East 51st Street, because "it was too much up and down stairs." With 1933 and repeal, he took a store in East 53rd Street. A series of wondrous accidents occurred. Both clubs jelled. Everything fell in place for both Perona and Billingsley. However, it is doubtful that the familiar, old-fashioned success story can be applied to either of these titans of their trade.

Consider, for instance, the origin of the names each man decided upon for his own emporium. Perona pondered on such names as the Desert and the Sahara and the Sands. His decorator, meanwhile, had worked out a design of blue and white zigzag stripes for banquets and background. These reminded Perona of Morocco, for some reason, and of zebras, for yet another faulty reason. He thought of the Zebra Club and, of course,

the Morocco Club. None of his associates liked either name. At the time, there was a successful night club called El Patio. Perona veered to El Morocco.

"To this day," Perona admits with wonder, "some of my oldest customers think I put the El before Morocco because the Third Avenue Elevated was just a few yards down the street."

When Billingsley was about to throw open the doors of his first West Side night club, he conferred with three captains of waiters who were yearning to desert the fabled chop house of James "Dinty" Moore. They discussed names for the joint, considering this or that Frenchy and fancified title. Billingsley contends that for no reason at all he grabbed the Stork Club label from out of the clear afternoon air.

"Today," he now says slowly and sadly, "I realize that I should have long since dreamed up a romantic and colorful story about the birth of the name. But I haven't. I just never did know why I picked on that name."

Perona opened his doors in 1931. El Morocco was an immediate success. It drew the class trade from the first night. It is still drawing it. Billingsley had a slightly harder row to hoe. He punched hard for more than a year, using every kind of imaginative and provocative promotional gimmick before the Stork caught fire. But when it caught fire, it fairly exploded.

For more than 20 years El Morocco and the Stork have been New York's one-two night clubs, taken in either order. For all that time they have shared the hard core of the class customer, the celebrity, and the solid rich. And today the two opinionated tycoons who run these places with iron fists and hard heads are as far apart in operational methods as they are in background and characteristics.

"We never give away anything in El Morocco," says Perona, a note of contempt for such inanity in his voice. "We feel that gifts would embarrass our customers."

Billingsley, on the other hand, will frequently ply a guest with gifts of perfume, lipstick, champagne and other favors in an amount, even at wholesale price, which would be treble or quadruple the guest's potential check.

"I did it on purpose and on plan," says Billingsley calmly. "I know what I'm doing."

So reasons each titan in his own, determined way. The only amazing part of the whole thing, of course, is that Perona and Billingsley are not dealing with a separate set of favored customers. It's basically the same set. It is also quite possible that both bonifaces are dead right. Each to his own cafe, that is. It might, indeed, embarrass somebody to be plied with gifts in El Morocco, although the same somebody would be equally disturbed if ignored when Billingsley started loading loot on the tablecloth. It's the difference in what the same customer has been trained to expect—either nothing or a lot.

Perona is happily voluble as to his personal relationships with customers. It is probable that he thinks of himself as a humorist and wit. His rare laugh breaks out when he remembers the time Woolworth Donahue, the playboy whose antics have bored a generation of saloon and hotel keepers, crawled into the hooded roast beef wagon and had himself pushed around from table to table one early morning. Perona, who will involuntarily scowl when any customer, no matter how famous, comes through the door in sports jacket or even light colored suit, can also gaily recall the details of the time Michael Farmer, onetime husband of Hollywood queens, insisted that the boy from the men's room bring shaving materials to his prominent table so that he could shave himself before dinner— and did same. Perona is also one of the few men alive who actually thought, and still thinks, that the sight of Max Baer, the former heavyweight champ, crawling under tables and sticking lighted matches in the shoes of friends or acquaintances—in short, applying the infuriating "hot foot" which is now blessedly out of fashion—was one of the truly hilarious comedy bits in all history.

Such impolite antics would give rival Sherman Billingsley an immediate triple coronary thrombosis. This bawdy roughhouse is, however, Perona's escape valve from his own rules, regulations and disciplinary encyclicals.

As the years gather on him, his personal temper seems to be cooling, but when he was younger and even more nervous he never needed a bouncer in any of his cafes. Twice he appeared before magistrates for personally belting out unruly or insulting customers. It is to his credit, be it noted, that in both cases the customers he belted were celebrities whose eminence would have crowded many a tougher boniface of more unsavory record.

Self-made millionaire that he inarguably is, Perona's business methods and his financial thinking over the years also offer several unfittable pieces to the picture puzzle of the man's character. There can be no doubt that he knows the restaurant and cafe business. He is shrewd and courageous in all his outside business dealings. Yet he rented the rooms which contain El Morocco in 1931 and, throughout the growth of the club's success, he never ambushed the landlord and purchased the premises. He first rented the location for $350 a month. Today, 24 years later, he cringes guiltily when he admits to paying $2,500 a month. He doesn't know exactly what he'd do if the landlord decided, when his lease is up, to tear down the building and erect a skyscraper or office or apartment structure.

El Morocco runs like one of those well-lubricated and carefully integrated racing cars so close to his heart. Until his recent death, a headwaiter known to the social world as Carino stood at the entrance rope with the assurance of a Marine drill sergeant and analytical talent of a $100 psychiatrist. Carino, like all good headwaiters, was gifted with a camera eye, total recall, and a talent even more rare: He was a genius at what the trade calls "dressing" the room. Dressing, to the trade, means spotting customers to the best possible advantage.

Why Carino did it the way he did is as unfathomable as why he called himself Carino, which was his middle monicker, instead of Frank or Beccaris, which were his Christian and surnames. But, like Perona, he established a new order by breaking some of the old and outworn rules of the cafe game.

Every run-of-the-mill headwaiter, trained in the sardine-can traps of prohibition, still works by an effective, if somewhat stale, rule of thumb—put the classiest customers at the frontest tables. This basic philosophy was worked at El Morocco by the now-forgotten headwaiter who preceded Carino. When Carino succeeded to the cafe's rope hurdle, he had had time to study the physical qualities of El Morocco and decide it was indeed time that the old order be changed. With his analyst's eye he had seen that the best, the most romantic, the most private tables at El Morocco were not those elbowing the dance floor—where service was impeded and the dance floor show-offs might easily spill a goblet of champagne down milady's girdle—but instead were the backcurved banquettes along the wall facing the orchestra. These tables—again by the accident of design—are so fashioned that one must have almost a direct view to identify the occupants.

It is a further credit to Perona's perception that immediately he agreed with his first lieutenant. As a result, the club became the town's "best dressed" room. In Morocco it works like this: You can dance around the floor twice, gawking for famous faces, before you realize that while the woman in all the jewels at the ringside table must be wealthy, the redhaired girl talking quietly in that curved banquette is nobody else but Rita Hayworth. And you may make several rounds of the dance floor before you do a double take to assure yourself that the fellow with the baldish head, and smoking a pipe, is Bing Crosby. Or that the thin woman is the Duchess of Windsor. Et cetera. It is necessary to search for the famous at El Morocco, which makes for fascinating surprises.

"It's the sensible way, here," Perona says firmly, "because, for one thing, we have no show to watch. The best people should be made most comfortable. Anybody who wants ringside can have it, of course."

Few of the favored customers want it.

Perona claims that he has no rules of admittance or rejection, that over the years he has built an atmosphere which, almost at the door, discourages the rowdy or the low-life. He thinks his room is such a combination of beauty, dignity, and essential stability that only a boor will insist on entrance when such entrance is frowned upon. And if there is one thing the El Morocco staff — Carino trained — can recognize and then terrorize, it is a boor. El Morocco, like all famous saloons, has had its full share of brawls and fisticuffs and attempted head-splitters have been either social or famous. This always takes some of the sting off—sometimes it adds just a touch of exciting glamor.

Perhaps the only truly laughable incident in Morocco's history came one night during the war. A sailor from a Spanish boat docked in town, wandered into the Champagne Room (the club's handholding and romantic off-room) and had himself an order of chicken and, as at home, a couple of bottles of good red wine. When the $60 check was presented, the sailor copped a pauper's plea and was hauled off to night court.

"I thought from the name it was a Spanish restaurant," he told the magistrate through an interpreter. The court wearily dismissed the case.

"For sixty dollars in El Morocco," opined the learned judge, "this defendant probably didn't cheat the place out of much more than a club sandwich."

Incomewise, there can be no honest comparison between El Morocco and the Stork Club. With a hard push, Morocco seats 400 persons in the main room and the Champagne Room. With a push of about equal strength, Billingsley can seat a bit over 1,000 customers in the two floors which contain two complete and separate night clubs under the one title of the Stork Club. As noted, El Morocco's first customer rarely shows before 6 p.m. The Stork is open for lunch and is steadily in business until the final minute of the 4 a.m. closing deadline. It is as useless to compare the two clubs as to gross income or profits as it is to compare the daily habits of the owners.

To find Sherman Billingsley at any time during the afternoon requires merely a short wait on the telephone. One of several phone girls knows exactly whether Mr. Billingsley will be in to the caller and, if so, at exactly what time. One then appears at the Stork and announces himself. A day manager whispers into a phone and tells the caller to please take the elevator to a numbered floor in the building.

There are eight floors in the Stork Club and every one of them, like the building itself, belongs to Billingsley. Whichever floor "the Boss" is on when he receives you, there will be a girl or a dinner-jacketed captain to meet you at the elevator and deliver you to the maestro. No matter which floor it is, a telephone will be at the maestro's elbow. He will probably be drinking clear tea or coffee and, even more probably, he will be going through papers and dictating or murmuring memoranda. At the first sign of encouragement, he will dismiss all underlings and personally conduct the vistor through a building which begins, on the ground floor, with the core of the night club operation and ends, on the top floor, with what amounts to a small factory.

Entering through the sacred portals of the Stork Club from the common street, you are admitted to the cafe not by a man at a rope. Nothing so gauche. The Stork does not have a velvet rope. It has a chain of 18-carat gold.

The seventh floor is the most interesting. This is the Boss's own. It tells much about him. It has a couch and club chairs for visitors. There is a phone in every corner. There is a closet with twenty newly pressed "working" suits, all of a lightweight, silkish material in solid colors ranging through the light shades (for summer) to the sober dark tints (for winter). In a tiny anteroom a tailor works several hours a day spotting and pressing the Billingsley wardrobe. A closet holds a hundred neckties on hangers. There are two oversize bureaus filled with white shirts and underwear and socks. Dozens of conservative shoes stand like soldiers in their trees. There is also a small safe, for unimportant money, and a bigger safe for more important money. Also a money-counting machine. Just off the small room which contains these temporary money receptacles is an even smaller room with a single, monastic-like bed which the boss uses when he wants to flop over for the night.

Billingsley leads the visitor through this home away from home with his slow, almost wavering gait. His balding head is slightly cocked to one side. His voice is characteristically low-pitched and almost tired. He has none of Perona's enthusiasm and yet, strangely, he seems to have far deeper conviction in what he says and does. Only when he comes to the smallest of all the seventh floor rooms does his voice and manner show any real interest. This room is a small bathroom with an old-fashioned tub girdled by a reading board and various masculine cosmetics.

"See this thing here?" he demands, his voice rising slightly. "When a guy opens a booze joint this is the first thing he ought to install for himself. A bathtub. I get in that thing and pour on the water and fifteen minutes does me more good than a full night's sleep."

On matters which, over the years, he has considered and decided to his own satisfaction, he is direct and eloquent.

"I'll tell you why I give away so many presents," he said recently. "I have a definite plan. I can tell early in the night whether I'm going to have a good night or a bad night. I decide I'm going to have a bad night, maybe take a small loss. All right, I tell myself, if I've got a losing night I'll make it a real one. There's a few people sitting around the tables. I send them champagne and perfume and neckties. I load them up. I was going to lose $400 on the night, anyway. This way I lose $800."

He paused to smile a secret smile for his own understanding only.

"So," he continued, "the customers go away. The next day do they say, 'I was in the Stork Club last night and the joint was empty'? They do not. Next day they say, 'I was in the Stork last night and Billingsley sent champagne and perfume and God knows what all. How does he do it? The place must be making a million.' That's one reason why I give presents."

There are other reasons.

"I've noticed one thing," he confides. "A bar or a room may be filled. Then three or four people leave. Then somebody else leaves. It's catching. Pretty soon everybody scuttles out. The idea is to stop the exodus. The way to do that is to start buying drinks. That keeps them in their chairs."

There are still other reasons for the Billingsley openhandedness.

"How much does Dorothy Lamour charge for a guest appearance?" he one night asked a newspaperman.

"Oh," said the writer, "probably not less than $5,000."

"Well," said the delighted Billingsley, "tonight she's making a guest appearance here for nothing."

The newspaperman asked how and why.

"I just sent two magnums of champagne to her table," explained Sherman. "It will take Dorothy and her party more than two hours to drink that much wine."

Like many another softspoken and carefully contained personality, a volcano of irritability and violent belligerency seethes thinly below the Billingsley shell. A lava of rage pours forth almost every time Billingsley feels called upon to write a note to any employee or associate about almost anything. As calm as his spoken orders and requests may be, his written complaints or grievances sound as though they came direct from the hoodlum boss of a waterfront union. The walls of the main kitchen, in the cellar of the club, are literally papered with billets-doux from the Boss. They are all signed with the initials "S.B." Written on an oversize typewriter in letters almost an inch high, the messages deal with innumerable complaints and counter complaints. All have one thing in common—the salutation. The salutation goes about like this:

"God Damn It. Son of a Bitch! Blank. Double Blank. Obscenity. More Obscenity. How many times have I told you that when a customer, etc., etc., etc." These missives of fuming rage, to the casual eye all concerning matters of infinitesimal importance, are found in odd nooks and crannies of all floors of the club building. Recently Billingsley brought a puppy from his farm in the country, meaning to give it away to some customer who fell in love with it, and proceeded to fall in love with the pooch himself. He kept it in a secretary's office off his own suite. One afternoon the pup cowered as he reached out to caress it. Billingsley was convinced that the porter had kicked or hit the puppy. He ran for a strip of wrapping paper and sent a lieutenant scrambling for a paint brush and black ink. The resulting sign, four feet wide and stuck to the wall with tacks, read:

"God Damn It! Anybody who hits or kicks this dog I will hit or kick back. S.B."

More and more, in recent years, Billingsley spends longer hours in his suite on the seventh floor of his building. There are nights, he admits, when he won't go downstairs unless something "calls" for his presence. When he is downstairs he gives the majority of his time to the Cub Room and, then, is usually at Table 50 with Walter Winchell. Winchell, among other things, is probably the most underpaid press agent of all time. For years and years he has been boosting, lauding and detailing the nightly happenings at the cafe. He has never made a dime from the club nor even participated in Billingsley's rare outside business ventures—although Winchell is always eager to plug these, too.

"Winchell has been my greatest friend," Billingsley says slowly. "If I ever lost him, I would lose something of great importance. I think, too, that I've been valuable to Walter. I think if anything happened to me he'd lose something valuable, too.

Billingsley contends that he does not give Winchell stories or news tips because he doesn't know a story or a news tip when he hears one. But he talks incessantly with the columnist and what he has just heard from some national or international figure rarely goes unnoticed by Winchell.

The clean-cut young American type is the type of customer Billingsley most wants. He despises the erotic, the exotic and the foreign types. He has a sort of phobia about true blue American characters. These he instinctively recognizes and accepts under the general description of "good people." The gigolo type raises his hackles and he is completely allergic to Latins. Billingsley would far prefer to have such wholesome and honest American types as unknown Hollywood starlets or over age magazine cover girls in his saloon than he would such a suspiciously foreign celebrity as Aly Khan. Something warns him that none of the "good people" would wear their hair as long as Aly Khan or buy striped suits of such extreme cut.

An example of his attitude toward The Outsider happened a few years ago when an

old customer called him and said he wanted a table for himself and party. The party would include the Maharajah of Jaipur, one of the richest Indian princes in the world.

"I don't want none of those colored men in here," said Billingsley flatly.

The customer, aghast, pointed out that the Maharajah is not only one of the world's richest men but also one of the most important royalties in the East.

"He's still colored," Billingsley insisted, ending the conversation.

It is perhaps illuminating to report that the Maharajah was taken to El Morocco where Perona practically tore the place apart trying to impress and entertain him. But, then, of course, Perona is also a "foreigner" in Billingsley's eyes. And the Maharajah was just another dark-skinned Indian. Sherman Billingsley knows a lot about Indians from his early days in Oklahoma. He works on the ancient homesteader's theory that the only good Indian is a dead Indian. Sherman's only deviation from this basic philosophy is that, for him, it goes double for foreign Indians who come to his spot.

In common with Morocco, the Stork is run with such careful attention that it is not a place where hilarious accidents or truly humorous incidents are apt to occur. Years ago, however, a forgotten drunk outwitted the Boss in his own lair.

Billingsley has always insisted that every male in the club wear a socially acceptable necktie. If you are an important or well-known tieless eccentric—like Bing Crosby, for instance—a necktie will be loaned or even given you. On the occasion mentioned above, a young playboy arrived without a tie. Billingsley was stern. He refused him entrance until he had gone somewhere and gotten himself a suitable necktie. The giddy youth left dutifully and returned in half an hour with a handsome neckpiece. Billingsley smiled and forgave. The inebriate entered quietly, almost too quietly.

It wasn't until almost an hour later that a horrified captain reported that the playboy was gaily dancing on the Stork Club floor—in his bare feet! *

HIGH PRIEST OF ROCK 'N' ROLL

(Continued from page 38)

the generally agreed answer goes like this: "They work like pile drivers from the second they start until they're completely drained. They're certainly not flawless musicians but they have a sense of rhythm—or at least a sense of rock and roll rhythm, which means a steady and unvarying beat. They're showmen.

"They came along at the psychological moment when teenagers were looking for a kind of jump music that would dig right in and throw the lid off their sex frustrations. The Comets play up to this, whether they're conscious of this or not. They fill the need in spades, and make a hell of a lot of money doing it."

Haley himself steadfastly denies that the songs he and his men offer have any relation to hot and heavy sex urges. Suggest this to him and he'll defensively state that there is nothing unhealthy about R & R. He insists that "Rock Around The Clock," for instance, is not suggestive, and pledges to rewrite any lyrics which in his estimation would otherwise make for erotic allusions. "I can't understand why they write certain lyrics," he says. "The music is the main thing and it's just as easy to write acceptable words. Tunes with objectionable phrases often are banned by radio stations so, among other reasons, it would just seem good business sense not to write them that way."

Since the "Rock Around The Clock" click, no week has gone by without a Haley record on the best-selling lists. He turned down a $6,000 offer to appear on a Milton Berle show because that appearance would have interfered with his vacation, and he refused a staggering offer to play the European circuit because he doesn't like to fly. But these expressions of independence haven't set him back.

He is wanted by almost every manager who owns a microphone and who has access to an audience. They know that his seven man band (two guitars and steel guitar, accordion, sax, bass, and drum) can team with Haley in their gaudy Scotch plaid jackets, mount a stage with all the excitement of a goosed deer, follow the hysterical yell of "Rock!" with a full evening's concert of breathless, super-charged, unsubtle nonsensical singing and clowning, and break all previously-held box office records.

Teenagers, worshipful and obedient, whip themselves up into such a hot lather of enthusiasm that they refuse to allow the shows to end, and will scream, demand, and beg for encore after encore.

Although the Comets' success is recent, the shy but self-assured Haley has been involved in pop music, in one form or another, all his life. Born in Highland Park, Michigan, he was making a dollar a night at the age of 13 by playing and singing at auction sales. A short time later, he formed his own band and worked wherever he could book the group.

He left home at 15 to go out on his own. He worked in open air parks, sang and yodeled with a small band and worked with a traveling medicine show. Eventually he got a job with the Down Homers, a hillbilly outfit popular in Hartford, Connecticut, and stayed with them until he decided after a restless period of taking orders that he was not cut out to be an employee. Assertive in a quiet way, he was then and still is comfortable only in a boss-man role.

Haley later formed "Bill Haley's Saddlemen" in Chester, Pennsylvania, and as musical director of Radio Station WPWA there for six years, he worked steadily to develop new ways of presenting his country and western band to a public getting bored with the standard corn of sombreros, chaps, geetars, and invocations which always began, "Wa'al, naow, howdy, all you folks out thar in Radioland."

He experimented with sounds, visual tricks, methods of better displaying his own personality and his men's. By 1951 he was ready to record. He dropped the middle-tempo beat of the country and western styles, and gradually up-tempoed along more commercial lines. He changed the name of his group from the Saddlemen to the Comets, recorded a frenzied number called "Crazy, Man, Crazy," and by 1952 was snapped up by Decca.

Although Haley and his Comets began to shoot up as fast and as poignantly as real comets (they scored heavily with "Shake, Rattle and Roll," their first Decca release, and with "Dim, Dim The Lights," "Mambo Rock," and "Razzle Dazzle"), their coast-to-coast fame did not actually start to jump until last year when MGM released "The Blackboard Jungle," a B-budgeted picture about juvenile delinquents which was expected to do pretty well on the second half of a movie bill. The film fooled everyone though, by becoming one of Hollywood's top grossers in 1955 — and in so doing, made audiences Haley conscious. His recording of "Rock Around The Clock," which had not done especially good business in the shops, was used as background music in "Jungle."

Shortly after the film's premiere, "Rock Around The Clock" began to sell again. The last count taken shows that it has sold close to two and a half million copies.

Bill Haley is Mr. Hyde as a performer, Dr. Jekyl as a man away from the bandstand. He lives with an attractive wife and three children in a 12-room house in Boothwyn, Pennsylvania, and feels an unspoken irritation that his performing dates must keep him away from his family so often. When he is home, he works hard at playing. He is serious about boating, hunting and fishing. He loves new cars and changes Cadillacs every six months.

It pleases him that the Comets are as business-minded as he. With them, he has invested in a sheet metal business in Wilmington, Delaware, and plans are under way to erect a series of motels, complete with swimming pools. There is never friction between him and his musicians; jointly they own two boats which they keep at the Wildwood, N. J., inlet, and are continually trying to hold off engagements so they can live it up in the outdoors.

Haley has had disputes (none of them really serious yet) with Jolly Joyce, his booking agent, who wants him and his Comets to work steadily. Joyce can keep them working every morning, noon, and night, but lately Haley has been putting his foot down.

Certainly there won't be any noticeable slackening of record or personal appearances for some time to come. Haley, who with show-smart gimmicks and with an incredible amount of luck, rose to the top quickly, is astute and aware that R & R is not a deathless musical art, that it will fly for a time, then flutter, then die, and his aggregation will die with it. But he is ready to change.

Not long ago he said, "We have tried in our arrangements to conform to what the public wants—and not to bend the public likes and dislikes to ours. This, I think, is the major factor in our group's success."

By now he is inured and calloused to shrieks that he is misleading the younger generation. He knows that this is the perpetual shout of elders, who quickly forget that they themselves were once guilty of such inane delinquency as swallowing goldfish, drinking bootleg booze and chasing off on panty raids. All the expressed fears of what our youth is coming to adds up to what medical men commonly term hardening of the arteries and Haley prefers not to worry too much about today's teenagers, whose zest for fun bodes well for their future. *

night life guide

SAN FRANCISCO

It's Deductible

THE VILLAGE, 915 Columbus. After several false starts, this plush home plate of the visiting fireman circuit finally got under way. Redecorated, re-furnished and resplendent in new trappings, it offers high budget floor shows, good food and top-name acts. Johnnie Ray and Frankie Laine were set to be followed by Gordon MacRae at press time. It's not for economy-minded family parties, but it is good.

FAIRMONT HOTEL, California and Mason (DO 2-8800). Pause on the steps for a good view of San Francisco, stroll through the Byzantian lobby for a look at local Nob Hill society, and then duck into the spacious Venetian Room for the top talent in town. The entertainment is always classy and so are the customers. Dorothy Shay opens September 25 and Bridie Murphy's brother, hypnotist Arthur Ellen, comes in October 16. The cover is $2 per person; that's why there's a heavy percentage of lorgnettes, bald pates and bright-looking youngsters. A la carte food is expensive and excellent and the steaks are crazy. Ernie Hecksher's businessman's bounce orchestra provides music for dancing in-between shows.

BIMBO'S CLUB 365, 1025 Columbus (GR 4-2365). Standard operating procedure for conventionites and the native crop of visiting firemen is a visit to this soft-lights-and-sweet-music dinner room. Bimbo is celebrating his 25th anniversary as a host with a special French Follies Revue but the standard attraction is now, and always has been, the "Girl In The Fishbowl" which attracts dowagers and debutantes alike. They all like a peek at the nude swimmer. The minimum ranges from $1.50 to $2.00 on Saturday nights, and it's best to make a reservation. The food here is excellent; Bimbo has been his own chef in the past and claims he never serves what he doesn't like. When you order a meal you get enough for a week.

Grey Flannel Circuit

HUNGRY I, Jackson and Kearney (YU 2-6470). Bohemia, upper class. Sophisticated comedy from people like Mort Sahl and Prof. Irwin Corey; songs of unrequited love by the lasses who wear black, and the gathering place of all the local intelligentsia that is solvent. It's a cellar, but re-done artsy-craftsy style like a showpiece of modern architecture. The show runs from quiet jazz to folk music and the admission runs from $1 to $1.75 but the atmosphere alone is worth it. The food is excellent, medium priced and exotic.

PURPLE ONION, 140 Columbus (SU 1-0835). Another cellar, smaller, but in the groove of the Hungry i. No food, but odd-ball entertainment and when Jori Remes is in town, she is queen bee. You pay $1 to get inside. The atmosphere is intimate, the drinks are good and the entertainment features bitter-sweet songs and satirical humor.

CIRQUE ROOM, Fairmont Hotel (DO 2-8800). No cover and no minimum, a good bar-with-dancing, right on the main floor of the hotel and the best place in the area for a quiet, romantic episode with the receptionist. Jack Ross, whose trumpet somehow knows everyone's favorite songs, has been there 12 years which speaks for the style of the place.

LOCHINVAR ROOM, Mark Hopkins Hotel, Mason and California (EX 2-3434). Quiet, slick and sedate, Bob Wellman's band makes the music and you bring your own partners for the dance. $1 minimum.

TOP OF THE MARK, Mark Hopkins Hotel (EX 2-3434). Just picture a penthouse on top of the Mark with a three-sided glass wall that lets you look your heart out at the San Francisco Bay, the Golden Gate Bridge, the Pacific Ocean and the ant-like people on California street. No cover, no minimum, just good drinks and romance. You can't visit San Francisco without this. No one ever has.

PALACE CORNER, Sheraton-Palace Hotel, Market and New Montgomery (EX 2-8600). Afternoon snacks, dinners, dancing, late suppers and quick drinks in a society-style corner room with a small dance floor and a Sheraton-eye view of San Francisco society. Lately the spot has been going in for quiet Dixieland of the Red Nichols type; not quite at Rampart Street level but pleasing. Semi-formal is the word, here.

Le Jazz Hot

BLACK HAWK, Turk and Hyde (GR 4-9567). Small, dim, crowded home-away-from-home for all modern jazz groups and the oldest outpost of **le jazz progressif** west of the Rockies. The door charge varies with the weight of the talent from 50c to $1.50. Shelly Manne and his Modern Jazz Apostles open August 21 for a long run. There's no food and no dancing and who wants to?

FACK'S #2, 960 Bush. A branch of the original on Market Street club which is specializing in quiet jazz of the June Christy-Four Freshman-Mel Torme variety. The atmosphere is old-world with plush carpets, cut glass fixtures and handsome iron scroll-work. There's a small dance floor for those who won't quit, and a good bar. Minimum $2.

FACK'S #1, 609 Market (GA 1-9695). This is the spot that brought the Hi-Lo's and other top jazz acts to town and now that the names are at #2, the old homestead is offering local jazz groups to those hardy souls who will brave its brassy atmosphere.

HANGOVER CLUB, 729 Bush (GA 1-0743). At this well-entrenched outpost of Dixieland, Earl Hines is squatting here forever with a solid bunch of muskrat ramblers, including J. Archey, D. Howard, J. Sullivan, and others. Closed on Sundays, no cover or minimum, and it is a great watering spot for the ad agency set who dig its pine-panelled walls and hefty potions. No food.

TIN ANGEL, 987 Embarcadero, opposite Pier 23 (SU 1-2364). A throwback to the Barbary Coast, with decorations of old circus posters, a nickelodeon, died-in-the wool Dixielanders, rich Nob Hill matrons out slumming and a general free wheeling atmosphere. Turk Murphy should be spreading the gospel of two beat all this month. There's a $1 admission charge, no food, but plenty of spirits and conversation.

MACUMBA, 453 Grant (EX 2-8151). Big, dark and rather dismal but the home of the big jazz names like Duke Ellington and Louis Armstrong who will be there starting September 18. Jeri Southern's on the stand the first two weeks. It's on the fringe of Chinatown, is upstairs, and there's dancing in-between shows to various house bands. Admission can be pretty steep; $2.50 for Armstrong. There's no food, and the drinks are like, well, drinks.

Native Quarter

FORBIDDEN CITY, 363 Sutter (DO 2-8648). The oldest Chinese night club on the Coast, a full stage show of Oriental beauties (some are really Hawaiian and Portuguese, but who cares? They're all pretty). Chinese and American food is good, expensive and exotic. A landmark on the local night life circuit, it was very big with the Air Force during the last war and they periodically hold reunions there. Friday and Saturday the minimum is $2 and the rest of the week they offer a $4.75 per person bargain rate for cocktail, dinner and show.

SINALOA, 1416 Powell (DO 1-9624). Mexico City in San Francisco with bolero dancers, mambo bands, tequila, tacos and tame flamenco singers. It's a smart spot, the talent changes frequently and is all imported from the Mother Country and sometimes the dancing is as hot as the excellent Mexican food.

TONGA ROOM, Fairmont Hotel (DO 2-8800). Look out for the water! They kept the swimming pool when they transformed this into a night club, and now a raft floats on the water and an Hawaiian band charms the customers as it floats around the pool. Periodically the intricate pipe system pours down a good imitation of the set from "Rain" while small native boys manufacture thunder for the sound system. Not for the easily upset. Chinese food of top quality. The entertainment is the customers.

Off the Beaten Path

GOMAN'S GAY NINETIES, 555 Pacific (SU 1-1899). Singing waiters, bowler hats, two part harmony and dancing girls. The customers join in the festivities and the atmosphere is gaslite and Gold Coast. The shows begin every hour on the hour and if you like Southern fried chicken, you all have found a home.

PIER 23, Embarcadero, Pier 23 (YU 6-6440). Sawdust on the floor, nudes on the walls, sailors and Dixieland fans at the bar and entertainment from Burt Bales, professor emeritus of Dixieland, and Abbe, the cook who doubles as intermission pianist. Occasionally wandering musicians join the fray and the whole thing is a throw-back to the days of the 49ers.

FALLEN ANGEL, 1144 Pine (PR 5-0406). When Frisco was a wide-open town, this was the best known palace of sin on the West Coast and the current operators have taken care to preserve its intimate feeling that a house is not a home. It's no saloon de joi these days, but the flavor of other, happier days is still there and the entertainment is sometimes bizarre, offering a strip teaser—ooops, exotic dancer — and a Dixieland band. The interior is full of stuffed sofas, deep rugs and hidden corners. Nob Hill out for a high time has taken to this place and many a guest from the old days brings his wife now.

THE CELLAR, 576 Green (No phone). No cover and no minimum either, nothing but left bank poets, small jazz groups, beer and wine. The three owners all play in the band and you can rustle up a conversation on Sartre and existentionalism at the drop of an introduction.

SAIL 'N, 99 Broadway (DO 2-9936). The Bay City Jazz Band, a crack Dixie outfit, just recently graduated to the professional ranks, holds forth on weekends and there's no cover or minimum and it's a favorite with the crew-cut mob from UC.

Longhair Row

BOCCE BALL, 622 Broadway (SU 1-9507). This may be Mozart's Bicentennial but they stick to Verdi here, plus other Italian opera and bocce ball on interior courts. No cover, no minimum, just home grown Carmens and Pagliaccis.

LA CASADORO, 720 Broadway (EX 2-9570). More opera, more wine and more informal Verdi. No cover, no minimum, just classics.

Cleavage Coast

BARBARY COAST, 533 Pacific (YU 2-4195). First port of call for the sailors when the fleet's in, this spot and its neighbors give you the full order of rough-house comedians, dancers, strippers, and a fast shuffle with the drinks.

MOULIN ROUGE, 540 Pacific (SU 1-9838). The band here tends to be better than the rest of the street, and the strippers are occasionally more deft, but the basic motivation is still sex. No cover, no minimum.

SAHARA SANDS, 523 Pacific (DO 2-9730). All the law will allow goes on within these walls. Jokes are raw and G-strings are slender and there's never a censor except the cop on the beat. No cover, no minimum and few clothes.

Christine's Corner

CLUB CHI CHI, 462 Broadway (DO 2-9864). You better not talk to that girl at the bar; she might be a he. There are two clubs for those who like female impersonators and this is the newest.

FINOCCHIO'S, 506 Broadway (DO 2-9913). Top spot on the sponge rubber circuit for years and a standard way spot for the tourist trade. Always features top flight female impersonators; they've all played here.

Just Good Food

GRISON'S, Van Ness at Pacific (OR 3-1888). There are two of these, one for steaks and one for chicken on opposite corners. Dinner from $3.30 (steaks) and $2.50 (chicken) and it's sumptuous with fresh fruit desserts, sizzling platters and all the fixings.

LEOPARD CAFE, 140 Front (EX 2-3348). Steaks are a specialty and about the best in town. Baked potato with cheese and other gourmet's delights. A la carte from $3.25 up.

OMAR KHAYYAM'S, 196 O'Farrell (SU 1-1010). Dinner from $3 to $5, Armenian food that's world famous, plus shish-ka-bob on a flaming sword.

FAR EAST CAFE, 63 Grant (YU 2-3245). An old Chinese restaurant with private booths and an unlimited menu. Serves delicacies like Bao Gai and Pekin Duck. Off the tourist circuit and better for it. Expensive.

BLUE FOX, 659 Merchant (DO 2-9316). Celebrities infest the place for the great food, old world luxury and ribbon bleu cooking. Dinner from $2.75 to $5.50.

ERNIE'S, 847 Montgomery (EX 2-9846). A recreation of the famous eating places in Old San Francisco complete with red plush sofas and roast guinea hen. Dinner starts at $3.75 and goes UP. But it's worth it. The service is unparalleled.

MARGUERITE'S, 2330 Taylor (PR 5-9785). The best of French cooking in a small, intimate, warm little spot with dinner from $3.

SCHROEDER'S, 240 Front (GA 1-4778). One of the oldest and best known of the city's restaurants, it's German style all the way with bratwurst, potato pancakes and roast chicken and duck. No ladies before 2 pm and the bar is a toper's delight. Dinner from $1.20.

INDIA HOUSE, 629 Washington (EX 2-0744). From $2.25 to $3.96 you get the great curries of India served by exotically clad waiters. A showplace for atmosphere and food, both.

NEW JOE'S, 540 Broadway (EX 2-9979). One of the great low-priced Italian restaurants, everything a la carte and everything good. You can eat well from 60c to $6.00.

TRADER VIC'S, 20 Cosmo Place (PR 6-2232). Polynesian (i.e. Hawaiian) food in great atmosphere, and it's one of the top restaurants in the nation. A la carte and awfully expensive.

SABELLA'S FISH GROTTO, 2770 Taylor (GR 4-9526). One of the best on Fisherman's Wharf, it's tops for seafood, with dishes cooked to order. The specialty is stuffed turbot, but don't overlook the shrimps and crab in season. Prices range from $1 to $2.25 a la carte.

JACK'S, 615 Sacramento (GA 1-9854). One of the oldest eating places in town (it dates back to 1864), and a hangout for politicians, tycoons and theatrical folk. Many of the city's political campaigns have been plotted in the smoke-filled banquet room. The atmosphere is simple and expensive, but when you sample the escargots bordelaise, chicken saute sec, or similar house specialties, price is no object. Dinner starts at $3.50.

NEW YORK

Headline Houses

LATIN QUARTER, 200 W. 48th (CI 6-1737). Getting a load of the chorus dolls ought to be worth the $6 minimum alone at this brassy, always active club, and they make a point of serving good food. But if you're in the market for more than eyefuls and eats, there's always a top grade entertainer on hand. September brings the Mills Brothers and comic Dave Barry. Shows at 8 and 12, Friday, Saturday and holiday eves., 7:30, 10 and 12:30. Dancing to 2 orchestras from 7:30.

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th (PL 8-1060). The New York home of Master Joe E. Lewis who will break records this fall as he always does when he invades the large, jumping Copa. You can see the big show without a minimum at the Copa lounge or you can pay a piddling $5 at the tables where you'll see always zesty revues. Jules Podell offers shows at 8 and midnight, Fridays and Saturdays 8, 12, and 2. Suppers a la carte. Two orchestras. The Copa girls are, of course, a New York institution; each one is a hand-picked beauty.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54th (EL 5-8769). An air of pomp and circumstance surrounds the customers if not the bandstand at this spectacular nitery. Celebrities are thick as flies at ringside, and provide a better show than the management. Dancing to such bands as Charley Holden and Freddy Alonso.

Black Tie Belt

PIERRE, 5th at 61st (TE 8-8000). Cotillion Room of this hostelry features some pleasant figures in the comedy line, and the Cafe Pierre offers dancing during the cocktail and supper hours.

PLAZA, 5th at 58th (PL 9-3000). No less than four rooms in this top hostelry, from the Persian Room with its purring songstress to the stately Rendez-Vous, where dancing begins at 8:30. Also the Palm Court, with music for cocktails, but no dancing, and the Edwardian Room, likewise no hoofing, but pleasant music at dinner for those who fancy sideburns-style stuff.

ST. REGIS, 5th at 55th (PL 3-4500). The Roof, open every evening but Sunday, offers Milt Shaw and Ray Bari and their bouncy bands, against a backdrop of twinkling skyline. The Maisonette is closed in summer, but reopens soon.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53rd (PL 3-1940). Sherman Billingsley's bistro is as filled with names as a press-agent's date book, and the prices are as high as ever, if you succeed in being recognized by the headwaiter.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park at 49th (EL 5-3000). Starlight Roof offers stars on the roof at dinner and supper shows, with two bands filling in to occupy the interim with danceable music. More dancing just off Peacock alley downstairs to the Viennese music of Jozsi Ribari's band till 1 weekdays, to midnight on Sundays with Mischa Borr's band taking the stage.

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th (PL 3-5998). Lively shows that would make the angels blue, but send the customers into ecstasies of delight are a specialty here, usually including song, dance, novelty acts and ever-lovin' music.

Bohemian Belt

82 CLUB, 82 E. 4th (GR 7-9763). A drag spot which refuses to stint on dough when big shows are possible. They provide complete musical revues here and spend from $35,000 to $40,000 on wardrobes alone for each production. The biggest names in female impersonators appear here, blending in with girlie exotics. Minimum, no cover.

BAL TABARIN, 225 W. 46th (CI 6-0949). A 23-year-old landmark in New York, the Bal presents a girlie show with a decidedly French accent. The club is Parisian, from the Lautrec posters on the walls to the beautiful line of authentic Can Can girls, most of whom are imported from across the big pond. Prices are reasonable, show is quaint but sexy. Headwaiter Johnny will treat you right.

PAGE 3, 140 7th (CH 2-9993). Another Bohemian boite, also in The Village (across the street from Nick's), Kiki Hall will seat you where you'll see femme impersonators you'll run to write home about. Like the 82, there's a minimum here but no cover charge.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 7th (CH 2-9335). Dance music by Clarence Williams' trio has been a summer favorite here, with a top notch singer, a comic and varied fare on the stage.

BON SOIR, 40 W. 8th (OR 4-0531). Proprietor Jimmie Daniels generally has the welcome mat out for impromptu performances by amateur talent, but to bolster the show he also offers a pleasant array of pros at this informal nitery.

TWO GUITARS, 244 E. 14th (OR 3-5335). The Russian flavor of this candle-lit rendezvous is strictly white, or pre-Iron Curtain variety, and both the food and the atmosphere are pungent with it.

DRAKE ROOM, Park and 56th (PL 5-0600). Quiet elegance and a gourmet menu offer attractions to those who are accustomed to dining in style without attracting attention.

LITTLE CLUB, 70 E. 55th (PL 3-9425). Strains of a gypsy violin and the quiet tinkling of a mood piano offer properly subdued background music for restrained but delighted indulgence in the offerings of a menu that demands restraint.

VILLAGE BARN, 52 W. 8th (OR 7-4687). Games, gags and dances for the whole crowd liven this neighborhood bistro where you can take off your coat, let down your galluses and relax after too much sophistication.

VALENTINE CLUB, 126 E. 56th (EL 5-8382). A new and pleasant place made more pleasant by the genial hosting of Art Ford, with at least one singer offered at show time, starting at 9.

ONE FIFTH AVENUE, Fifth at 8th (SP 7-7000). Nostalgia flows apace with the tipples on Sundays, when old silent movies are shown in this be-pillared watering spot. Take care not to get stuck behind one of the architectural supports, even on week nights, when two pianos and a singer enliven the tiny stage in the center of the room. Strictly for sipping and listening.

Solid Stuff

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd (GR 4-8639). Tuesdays are visiting days at this hallowed music hall, and you're likely to get a real run for your money. At all times the music is hot and sweet, and produced with the personal ministrations of Mr. Condon himself.

BASIN STREET, Broadway at 51st (PL 7-3728). Jam sessions here on Sundays. Other days such disciples of the true and righteous as George Shearing and his quintet, Julian Adderley, Ella Fitzgerald, Hampton Hawes.

THE COMPOSER, 68 W. 58th (PL 9-6683). The Manhattan Project of the music world, where tonal fission is the subject of research by such students as Billy Taylor and Don Elliot and their combos.

BIRDLAND, 1978 Broadway (JU 6-7333). Big and little, the outfits that exercise their talents here are full of punch, much to the delight of listeners who flock through the portals to dig the most.

METROPOLE, 7th and 48th (JU 6-2278). Jazz purists feign disdain for this big, breezy Broadway-style jazz palace, but a good many of them can be seen crowding the long bar of an evening, when the four big, brassy bands give out with their uninhibited solid stuff.

JIMMIE RYAN'S, 53 W. 52nd (EL 5-9600). Traditionalists find a haven here, except on jam nights, Mondays, when they're likely to hear anything. Rest of the time, it's strictly Dixie, in the pristine state.

CAFE BOHEMIA, 15 Barrow (CH 3-9274). The cats that arch their backs and give out here are 'way ahead of the avante-garde, playing nothing like you've heard before, but it's sweet and cool to all but the reactionaries.

HICKORY HOUSE, 144 W. 52nd (CI 7-9524). Hickory-broiled steaks and chops compete with the music for interest here, but whether you like your meat or your music with a tang, you will find it here.

CHILD'S PARAMOUNT, Broadway and 44th (CH 4-9440). The ragtime circuit takes a loop into the heart of Times Square for a show with a dash of bitters and a twist of lemon, from 6:30 except Sundays, when it starts an hour earlier.

EMBERS, 161 E. 54th (PL 9-3228). A bright, cherry-red glow prevails here when any one of the fine array of musical combos which are regulars holds forth. The house is noted for its cool, relaxed presentation of both musicians and food, which is of the best.

The Buff Belt

CLUB SAMOA, 62 W. 52nd (EL 5-8262). There are a batch of stripperies on easily-accessible 52nd Street, but out-of-towners hurry here first, probably because it offers the top names in peelers (Eiffel Eyeful Lois DeFee is the large attraction here now). Georgia Sothern, Winnie Garrett and Pepper Powell have appeared at the Samoa, as well as Lili St. Cyr, who plays no other New York spot. The entertainment is continuous, there are two bands and two M.C.'s nightly. You can pay your table minimum or see the entire show from the bar.

GEORGE'S BLUE ROOM, W. 48th. You'll see strips here, but away from the 52nd Street neighborhood. It's a quiet block, next to the conservative Hotel Bristol, and its shows are a little more sophisticated than The Street shows, but there's plenty of stage action here. Bubbles Darlene has played the Blue Room, and names and semi-names are always featured.

ERNIE'S 3 RING CIRCUS, 76 W. 3rd (GR 3-9387). This is one of the first strip stations out-of-towners like to hit when they get to Greenwich Village. The costumes are abbreviated, the atmosphere is pleasantly rowdy without bothering with chi-chi. Ernie himself is a fabulous host who wants a table minimum but who gives you a minimum-free time of your life if you drink at the bar. If you can forget the girls for a minute or two, you'll get a charge out of the good jazz he provides, too.

CLUB SAVANNAH, 66 W. 3rd (AL 4-7999). Unlike the langorous beauties uptown, these sepia charmers strip fast and with fury. It's an all-Negro show, with the top exotics presented in the Negro field of exotics.

MONACO, 133 W. 52nd (CI 7-6310). Name burlesque stars show up here, too, in the spotlight, such as Sherry Britton and Dixie Evans. This is not the place where Grace got married, but an out-and-out strip joint that gives you what you came for: pretty girls who take off as many clothes as the law allows. Like its competitors, Monaco sells beer at $1 a bottle and champagne at $25 a quart, but you do enjoy yourself. The G-strings stay on but the jokes get rough as the evening proceeds.

MOULIN ROUGE, 47 W. 52nd (EL 5-8540) and **FLAMINGO,** 38 W. 52nd (EL 5-9618). Two more jumping-off spots on The Street. Competitors, each offers pretty much of the same features as the other: almost uninterrupted strip turns, minimums at the tables but not at bars, continuous entertainment, two M.C.'s, two bands. There are a few more peel parlors, but these two, across the street from each other, keep the pleasant heat turned on just a trifle bit more often than the others.

BALTIMORE

Night Out

CHANTICLEER, North Charles and Eager Sts. (PL 2-7151). The most valuable piece of night club real estate in the city. Check your bank balance before your hat; this is the most expensive stop in Baltimore's neon wilderness. Talent varies from names long in the entertainment firmament to those on their way up. Rapid turnover, however, keeps the maintenance crew busy changing the marquee. Food and drink to match the luxury in which it is served and dancing for those who like to romp themselves.

MILLER'S, Route 40 near Martin Highway (MU 6-4774). Only 15 minutes from downtown and a luxurious backdrop for fine and reasonably expensive dining. Always a band for dinner music and dancing. This is for those who like the wide, open spaces; the oval bar alone is as big as the average Baltimore night spot.

CORONET, St. Paul and Centre (MU 5-5710). Young and noisy with the accent on listening to an anvil chorus. Only the rugged brave the stampede on the postage-stamp-size dance floor.

MANHATTAN SUPPER CLUB, Route 40 and Ebenezeer Rd. (NO 5-7775). Tommy Abraham has proved it's possible to keep a night club open in the bush league of burlesque without turning it into a flesh-pot. His ingredients are fine food, small and frequently changed musicombos and plenty of room for dancing, all blended with cordiality that envelops the customer at the door.

Pink and Pretty

MURRAY'S SHOW BAR, Baltimore and Pacs (SA 7-8074). Stag heaven with music and no angels among the dolls who strip—and sip with the lonely. After hours you're on your own.

COPA, 21 West Baltimore (SA 7-5552). The "best since Mae West," Ruby Rose has had her 42-inch bust in the center of George Sugarman's stage for more than a year although the G-strings in the wings change frequently. Torso tossing twice nightly—three times on weekends—with never less than half a dozen acts has the SRO sign out after 10 pm.

OASIS, Baltimore and Frederick (LE 7-779). Leave coat and tie outside or you'll be a "gent" in a cellar that specializes in deflating stuffed shirts. No place for Puritans unless they're half high; then it's rough, ready and rapid fun.

BETTYE MILLS, 704 East Baltimore (MU 5-9714). The Ted Mack of the strip strip, Bettye's place is loaded with talent—some good, some bad but never indifferent. It's "take-it-off" fare but an atmosphere of mutual co-operation on both sides of the bar often leads to a lot of unscheduled and riotous hi-jinks.

2 O'CLOCK CLUB, 414 East Baltimore (SA 7-9125). Sol Goodman bills his cellar as the "home of the Esquire girls." Could be but all his fillies have sexotic post-graduate degrees. The lambskins are on display twice nightly from a 40-foot runway while the wolves chin themselves on the bar that encloses it. Considering the scenery, it's reasonably priced.

TROPICAL, 322 West Baltimore (SA 7-9472). The unusual is the norm in girlie shows at this wolves' lair. No place for the junior miss but her date might find it educational. Two shows nightly are expanded to three for the weekend trade and management has been doing well on a no-cover-no-minimum policy.

SURF CLUB, 3315 Pulaski Highway (BR 6-9262). Booking better than ordinary tassel tossers has lured many a nightspot prowler from the more famous downtown niteries. Jam session Sunday, 3 to 8 pm.

SHERRIE'S SHOW BAR, 3821 Pulaski Highway (OR 5-1951). There are times when it appears that all of Baltimore's 1,000 peelers are holding a convention under Sherrie's spotlight.

BAND BOX, 1309 North Charles. All-girl shows blended with original Dixieland keeps both sides of the street happy. It's concert time Sunday, beginning at 4 pm and cats howl long after the 8 pm curtain.

GABRIEL'S SUPPER CLUB, 6448 Baltimore National Pike (RI 7-2882). A one-spot night out with dinner, dancing and floor show. Top of the table specialties range from steaks to chicken to sea food, all good; on the floor are an assortment of strip artists, vocalists and better than average comedians. Never a cover or minimum.

Hot Stuff

CLUB LAS VEGAS, 128 Warwick (GI 5-9565). A bit off the gay white way but big, busty lassies prove it's the hospitality that counts. Hepcats line up for Sunday matinees at 4 pm.

WASHINGTON

Inns for Outings

MARQUEE ROOM, (Shoreham Hotel), Connecticut and Calvert (AD 4-0700). Washington's newest cocktail lounge, but in an old and fabulous spot. It's truly a handsome room, with drinks mixed at your table by expert bartenders from four rolling bars. Also within reach are two other rooms heaped with more than their share of glamour—the Blue Room, with two nightly musical reviews and a top orchestra, and the Palladian Room, featuring Jack White, superb pianist and also an orchestra. Not for paupers exactly, but you can't take it with you and you could hardly find nicer surroundings to leave it than these.

VERANDA, (Hotel Statler), 16 and K NW (EX 3-1000). Got claustrophobia? Then this is the place for you. Huge windows, overlooking a tree-line thoroughfare, make for the delightful illusion of being in a patio. The Statler is probably Washington's busiest inn but you never get the feeling of crowdedness in The Veranda. Alexander's quintet fits discreetly into the surroundings and gives out with lively but well-seasoned musical notes. Strictly high class and priced accordingly.

COSMOPOLITAN ROOM, (Windsor Park Hotel), 2300 Connecticut NW (HU 3-7700). Has been living up to its name. Excellent cuisine—starting at $2.50—with varied topnotch entertainment, ranging from Violinist Florian Zabach to veteran vaudevillian hoofers Blossom Seeley and Benny Fields. Eddie Johnson, late of Cafe Madison in Manhattan, tickling the ivories with authority. Joel Shaw and his orchestra are properly suave and a special ice show, featuring the Ice Capers skaters, are worth looking up between bites. One of Washington's newer spots, it's the kind of a place you can take almost any gal and feel you've socked at least a triple.

THE WILLARD ROOM (Willard Hotel), 14th and Pennsylvania NW (NA 8-4420). For people who like their elegance squarely on the nose. Big mirrors, tremendous chandeliers. One of Washington's traditional dining places in one of the national capital's best-known landmarks. The kind of place you remember being in long after you forgot what you ate.

THE SURF ROOM, (Hotel Annapolis), 11th & H NW (NA 8-9220). Gail King at the piano is dark and sultry, one of the reasons that this nautical spot is a favorite rendezvous of servicemen. A couple of other reasons: The drinks are reasonably priced and reasonably smooth.

THE MAYFLOWER HOTEL LOUNGE, Connecticut at DeSales (DI 7-3000). So you got a doll that's the frilly type, satin and lace and starry-eyed? This place is made to order, walls as pink as walls can get and a chandelier that Louis XIV would have felt at home swinging on. This could make the hairs on a he-man's chest curl but the prices will help straighten them out and besides you'll have the doll sighing all over the place. Joe Richardel's dance music is sweet and smooth. DIstrict 7-3000.

CAFE CAPRICE, (Roger Smith Hotel), Pennsylvania Ave. and 18th St. NW (NA 8-2740). Probably not a nicer place for just plain relaxing. Things are in a sort of minor-key here but very pleasantly so. If you want to be by yourself, or for two hearts that beat at once. Maria at the piano understands perfectly.

ELBOW ROOM, (Jefferson Hotel), 1200 16th NW (DI 7-4704). This is the brightest, home-ist little room around and about. Has a woman's touch about it—blond Jeanne Sweetland, just about the prettiest hotel woman extant is in charge —but it's comfy and you won't mind. There are potato chips and pretzles galore at the tables and, fittingly, the old-fashioned is the favorite drink here. The food is unabashedly good.

Show & Supper

L'ESPIONAGE, M at 29th (FE 3-1130). The super-fantastic murals in this place are worth the price of admission. Four separate rooms. The Intrigue, The Attic, The Underground and Cupids Coop. The food is a bit expensive but you come across the nicer type of swashbuckling personages here.

MADRILLON ROOM, 15th and New York Ave. NW (DI 7-4561). You can get Arroz Con Pescado Y Langosta A la Catalina here. Everything about the place, in fact, has the exotic tang of old Spanish custom. Even the booths have a fiesta-ish flair that gives the charming illusion of separate alcoves.

CASINO ROYAL, 14th and H NW (NA 8-7700). Has big wide steps to walk up, big plush rugs to walk across, big tables to sit at, a big room to glance across and big names to listen to. Recently entertaining patrons has been the practically immortal Mae West, still looking like a fullback turned female impersonator.

Hoofer's Heavens

MICHEL'S, 1020 Vermont Ave. NW (RE 7-1356). With gypsy fiddlers playing, flickering candle light and an air of expectancy, the "Paganini of Cafes" is like a misplaced slice of Slavia instead of a part of Vermont Avenue. The food is fine and you pay about as many rubles as you'd expect.

NEPTUNE ROOM, 13th & E NW (ME 8-7140). The kind of a place you can have a fairly big night on a fairly small tab. It is more restaurantish than nightclubish, but you can linger as long as you like and the live music, furnished by the Nye Mayhew Trio is solid without being nerve-wracking. Full dinners start at $1.10 and there are drink specials as low as 43 cents. The kind of place you could take your mother to but do pretty well with Suzie Belle too.

STARLITE, 1419 Irving St. NW (DU 7-1520). If you got any hillbilly in you, this is the place. Pure corn but what the hell, if you like it, you like it. In addition to a coming-around-the-mountain-type orchestra, fiddling away for the dancers, also usually features some well-known personalities among the top perches of the barn-dance entertainment world.

S. S. MOUNT VERNON, Pier 4, Maine at N (NA 8-2440). Not all the show-boating is done in the Congressional auditoriums of Washington. There's an entertainment boat that goes down the Potomac River at night, shoving off at 8. There's always a lively orchestra and you'd have to be a phlegmatic character indeed not to enjoy the moonlight dancing.

JIMMY COMBER'S, 4318 Rhode Island (UN 4-2787). Located in one of Washington's less pretentious suburbs, but the entertainment is easy-to-take. Annise at the piano is very listenable and Paul Dumire and his orchestra make dancing a pleasant preoccupation. Something else that doesn't get strained is your pocket-book.

FOGAN'S, 2317 Calvert NW (NO 7-4779). The specialty of the place is a double sirloin steak dinner for $6.50. For those who can tear themselves away from such a drooling masterpiece, there is also, on Thursday, Friday and Saturday, dancing to the well-done-with-a-dash-of-worcestershire-sauce music of the Dick Thompson trio.

LOUNGE RIVIERA, 2400 16th NW (CO 5-7200). This place attracts the young blood, especially if there's been any Latin transfusion. The music of Beach Johnson tends toward a South of the Border lilt, although there are some just generally sophisticate-type rhythms that come out too. A nice place to go if you don't fall on your fango while doing the tango.

KING COLE ROOM, 820 Connecticut NW (ME 8-3935). A small lounge, but good and dark. Has a sort of subdued lustiness about it. The kind of place it might not occur to you to take your best girl but maybe your most exciting one. Joyce Carr has been holding down the singing chores here and she throbs just right. No regular meals, but the sandwiches are sustaining and the imported Bavarian beer makes life worth living.

Righteous Rhythms

OLIVIA DAVIS', 711 13th NW (ME 8-2122). This is not just a jazz place, y'understand—this is a "progressive jazz" place. The one and only exponent of super modern jazz, Chet Baker, and his quintet are among top jazz world names that perch on the tiny bandstand of this upstairs alcove. You can have either sandwiches or full-coursed dinners to sustain you.

THE BAYOU, 3135 K NW (FE 3-2897). Strictly for the gone jazz addicts. No dancing, your eardrums do all the swaying. Wild Bill Whelan and his Dixie Six present pure Basin Street undefiled by the nearness of the Mason-Dixon line. If you're a proponent of pizzas, you may find it worth while to brave the cymbals even if you aren't particularly fond of jazz.

DIXIE-PIG, 3804 Bladensburg (AP 7-9800). Even the music has a Southern barbecued tang here. Rock-and-roll atmosphere, with informality strictly the key-note. Birdie Castle and his "star-dusters" have been heading a "Rockarama Show." If you-all craves a joint that's jumping, this is it.

Strip Stops

CORAL ROOM, 1331 Savannah SE (JO 2-5529). Plenty of jive music being tossed up for the customers at the plate with the perennial Dave Astor zooming in his round-house off-brand humor all the way from left field. There's always some "exotic bombshell" dancer—it has been Renee Del Raye, recently—exhibiting her curvacious charms along the sidelines. Mel Lowe and his orchestra are just gone enough to send you.

THE WAYNE ROOM, 1411 H NW (NA 8-3410). The girls are blond and extremely shapely and intellectual matters are not stressed. The performers include Lois Lee ("Terrific Tense"), Candy Jones ("Excitingly Exotic"), Tinker Belle ("Exotique Sensation") and Pandora ("Just Naughty"). The management has a "no cover" policy on checks as well as girlies.

THE CROSS ROADS, Peace Cross at Bladensburg Rd. (WA 7-3636). A place with a 65-foot circular bar and a decidedly burlesk flavor. Lowdown and proud of it. A gal named Carmela has been twisting her torso for the edification of the customers and Buddy Garrison's orchestra is distinctly groovey. There's some burleycorn humor to go along. A little raw in spots, but the food is well-done and orthodox.

THE BLUE MIRROR, 824 14th NW (ME 8-1060). Did you know that Marilyn Monroe has a half sister? She's the feature here. Goes by the name of Louise Angel and called The Heavenly Body—what else? Fact is, though, that the other half dozen or so gals featured by the place rate a few celestial hallelujahs too. Strictly a girlie place and makes no bones about it, all said bones being most delightfully uncovered.

Marvelous Menus

COLLINGWOOD-ON-THE-POTOMAC, (SO 8-7944). You get Southern fried chicken, Smithfield ham, spoon bread, pecan pie, a lovely view and a wonderful 10-mile drive out of Washington on the Mount Vernon Memorial Boulevard in Virginia. Only a mean, shriveling soul would fail to get something out of this.

OLD NEW ORLEANS, Connecticut at 18th (RE 7-7284). Its Continental Room is so authentic the bartender can't speak a word of English. Two shapely young hostesses help make you forget all about language barriers, though. Downstairs, the Sazarac Room is small, candlelighty and intimate. The entertainment, including Los Tres Cabelleros, is on the sultry side. The dance floor is postage stamp size, but who cares? It makes everything that much cozier and a few Sazaracs, as smooth as anything on Canal Street, and you're practically floating around on a magic carpet anyway.

THE LOTUS, 727 14th NW (NA 2-0600). This is Confucius gone Broadway. Everything Chinesey but with sophisticated overtones. Menu prices not allowed to waft away on Oriental kites, though. Sprightly entertainment, including the comers of the platter world, such as Anita Ellis, the movie voice of Rita Hayworth; Jeanne Crainne and Vera Ellen. Jack Corry's bouncy dance music would probably have even Confucius's feet tapping a little.

OCCIDENT, 1411 Pennsylvania NW (DI 7-6467). Probably the most unexotic-looking of the lot but right at the top of the top-drawer eateries. The prices are solid but so is the food in every respect. Offers one of the most famous collections in Washington—a gallery of autographed photos of some of the nation's most famous leaders of the past century. The kind of place where you find yourself rubbing elbows with folks you've seen in the headlines.

GOLDEN PARROTT, 1701 20th NW (DE 2-7440). Nothing especially fancy but a generous outpouring of good substantial food. Only the hardiest can eat everything set before them and a box is given the patrons to tote home the surplus. This helps add to the feeling that the people here really want to see you eat well.

WATER-GATE INN, at F Street and the Wharf (DI 7-2956). This is for people who like to partake of their victuals while gazing upon water. In this case, the victuals have a decided Pennsylvania Dutch motif, like Mennonite chicken baked in sour cream and apple cheese pie, and the water is that of the historic Potomac River. So what do you want, the Indian Ocean?

DUKE ZEIBERT'S, 1730 L NW (ST 3-1730). It is unimportant what you order from the menu. By the time you've eaten all the king-size pickles, pumpernickel, poppy-seed buns, etc., you aren't hungry when the main course shows up anyway.

FAN & BILL'S, 1132 Connecticut (EX 3-3411). You walk the pank here—but mouth-wateringly. The best planked steak place for miles around. Strictly an eatery but just the place for hungry-red-blooded men. Has a nice masculine touch. Entrance wall paper is made up of whisky and wine labels, and in the rear is a gallery of some of its better known patrons, including top dogs from the government kennels.

GOOD EARTH, 1117 17th NW (NA 8-0441). Wanta take a trip behind the bamboo curtain? There are, literally, quite a few bamboo curtains that you'll pass here. Everything else is velly, velly Chinese too, from mural scenes to menu items, including such as Char Shu Ding, Sum Shee Mon Yan and Subgum Wonton. Even the prices are down-to-earth at the Good Earth. A group of four can get a filling family-type dinner for $9.25 . . . which ought to leave you a yen to return.

RANDY'S, 1113 15th NW (AD 4-1456). Cheese blintz heaven. A sanctuary in general for the kosher palate.

IRON GATE INN, 1734 N NW (ME 8-5179). Hope you don't mind eating in a stable. Actually, that's part of its charm for the historical-minded—the fact that this place was once the stables of General Nelson A. Miles, hero of the Spanish and Indian Wars. You can eat in an old-fashioned hayloft or before an open fire-place. About the only things that have an up-to-date aspect are the prices.

BOSTON

Hotel Row

SHERATON PLAZA, Copley Sq. (CO 7-5300). Merry-Go-Round Room is known as well 'round the world as Paul Revere's ride. An actual merry-go-round revolves slowly, visitors seated on it for sipping and sighting. A pleasant way to watch the gals go by without getting a stiff neck. Cafe Plaza features roast beef dinners Sundays, complete with Yorkshire pudding. Town Room and Coffee Shop also serve meals.

SOMERSET, 400 Commonwealth (KE 6-2700). Exotic food and drinks in new Polynesian Room, as well as dancing. Just like being in the South Sea Isles, but no grass skirts or lawn mowers allowed. Rib Room famous for roast beef.

STATLER'S TERRACE ROOM, Park Sq. (HA 6-2000). Dinner-dancing weekdays from 7:00 pm to 1:00 am; Saturdays until midnight. Fine food and service. Fairly expensive. Two orchestras alternate for dancers and diners. Tempting menus also served in Cafe Rouge.

PARKER HOUSE, 60 School (CA 7-8600). Fine food in Revere Room. Parker House rolls are world-famous. Also Grill Room with colonial atmosphere plus renowned main dining room. Roof cocktail lounge affords beautiful view of city.

KENMORE, Commonwealth Ave. Headquarters for all visiting major league baseball clubs, but nobody goes on a bat here. Mural Lounge and Sportsmen's Bar are special features.

RITZ CARLTON, 15 Arlington (CO 6-5700). Good mixers find best drinks in town in plush cocktail lounge. No dancing. Good food available in formal dining room.

BRADFORD ROOF, 275 Tremont (HA 6-1400). Two shows sparkle nightly. Harry DeAngelis and his band furnish dance music with the Veritones. Food and drinks are reasonable.

THE LINCOLNSHIRE, Charles St. Teems with Bostonian color. Food tempting and tops. Cocktail lounge drinks have both quantity and quality.

TOURAINE, Tremont and Boylston. Moonlight and Four Roses, plus whiskey sours and sweet music in the Sable Room. Also the Touraine Bar and Chess Room. If you take your gal to the latter, it may be a good move.

SHERRY BILTMORE, Massachusetts at Boylston (CO 7-7700). A new hostelry that is veddy swanky. Has everything: dining room, coffee shop, cocktail lounges and ballrooms.

Jazz Joints

STORYVILLE, 47 Huntington (KE 6-9000). George Wein's place is Boston's only rendezvous for jazz lovers. Devotees, who are tall and short, slim or stout, come from far and wide to gobble the hot notes. The dog days are over, and how the gang loves its cat nights. Leading singers and recording artists are booked. Drinks and grill room. You'll enjoy this spot whether you're old and bent or young and broke.

Barfly Beat

MAYFAIR MUSIC BAR, 54 Broadway (HA 6-4424). Joe Clark's the boss man here and a genial gent. Freddie Hall, a clever comedian with a million laughs, has had a long run. The Mayfairette dancers are eye-filling, while those tinkling glasses are always well-filled. The Nick Jerrett trio offers music in the lounge.

SHOW BAR, 36 Huntington (HA 6-8815). Something doing until 1 am daily, with a midnight closing on the Sabbath, due to Boston blue laws. Known as the "Showcase for Talent." Star acts are invariably on the program, plus a lovely chorus line. Don Humbert entertains in the cocktail lounge. Management has signed up top attractions for fall dates.

THE CAVE, Boylston Place. Latin-American music blends with fine drink at this unique spot. Good place to romance your date—or you can surprise your wife and take her here, too.

ROARIN' TWENTIES, 274 Tremont. Ask for Mr. Kilroy; he is the proprietor. Lots o' fun in the tradition of the gay nineties. Okay for those in their gay twenties.

MOULIN ROUGE, Commonwealth at Dartmouth (CO 6-4700). International song stylists and entertainers are the magnets. Excellent for hoofing with plenty of zip to the hip. Young set and college crowd rendezvous frequently at Guy Guarino's nitery.

PADDOCK LOUNGE, 225 Tremont. New faces are seen here often, the show featuring top male and female vocalists. It is possible to drink and enjoy the music at the same time.

GUYS AND DOLLS, Stuart and Tremont. All the guys and dolls like to drop in here for cocktails and chatter. Very reasonable. No cover or minimum.

NORMANDY CHAMPAGNE ROOM, 17 Avery. Cozy, intimate atmosphere. Try three old-fashioneds and you will get young ideas—all without cover or minimum.

CHANTILLI LOUNGE, 903 Boylston. Pleasing piano music blended with martinis and manhattans. Refined spot.

CRAWFORD HOUSE, Scollay Sq. (CA 7-3570). Continuous entertainment from 1:00 pm to 1:00 am. Manager Arthur Green makes sure that the dancing girls are really gorgeous. And they can dance, too. No cover; no minimum.

ESSEX LOUNGE, Essex and Atlantic. Irene Chester, (the girl of 1,000 melodies) tickled the ivories here recently. Plenty of good liquors to tickle your palate. No cover.

HOTEL AVERY, Avery. Lee Albert offers piano and organ melodies for moderns. In heart of theatrical and shopping area if you want a quickie.

GLASS HAT CLUB, 336 Newbury, (CO 7-4541). Soft lights—and the drinks are just hard enough. Dancing and continuous entertainment—all minus benefit of cover or minimum charges.

MOHAWK RANCH, 96 Dartmouth (CO 7-6637). Check your pistols, pardner; we're guzzlin' tonight. Western and hillbilly shows in a different style. Ten-gallon hats not filled, though; just tummies.

Wine and Dine

LOCKE-OBER, 3 Winter Place (LI 2-1340). Epicurean paradise. A gathering-place for gourments, who come from all over the globe for the tasty tidbits. Menus are lengthy and varied, offering dishes for the most discriminating. Your pocketbook may be empty when you leave, but your stomach will be full.

DURGIN-PARK, 30 N. Market (CA 7-2038). Don't be discouraged by the sawdust on the floor; the food is terrific. Everyone gets chummy by being served family style at long tables. New England boiled dinners are a specialty. Very reasonable.

DARBURY ROOM, 271 Dartmouth. An adventure in eating. Sophisticated, cosmopolitan people find it ideal for luncheon, dinner or supper. Divine drinks in cocktail lounge.

"THE FIFTY-SEVEN", 57 Carver. Delightful and intimate dining room and cocktail lounge. Be sure to order the famous prime roast beef dinner. For such large portions, the prices seem low.

MARLIAVE, 11 Bosworth (LI 2-2680). One of the town's best Italian restaurants. Recommended: minestrone soup and veal cacciatore, with spumone for dessert, of course.

JOSEPH'S, 279 Dartmouth (CI 7-8087). Fastidious folks and gourments gather here. The French cuisine is exquisite. High prices but no low spirits.

STEUBEN VIENNA ROOM, 114 Boylston (HU 2-3620). After drinking and eating, you can dance, then enjoy a floor show. Centrally located and very popular.

DINTY MOORE'S HICKORY HOUSE, 611 Washington (HU 2-9040). Savory and sizzling charcoal broiled steaks are the best bets. Other dishes also tasty. Excellent drinks. Not too expensive.

AU BEAUCHAMP, 99 Mt. Vernon. Located on picturesque Beacon Hill next to Louisburg Sq. Fine French food and imported French wines. Bien joli.

YE OLDE OYSTER HOUSE, 41 Union (CA 7-2750). The fish you eat here slept in the ocean last night. Superb seafood. Unique oyster bar, where experts shuck tasty morsels as fast as you can eat them. And the lobsters are wonderful. Mmmm!

PATTEN'S, 41 Court (CA 7-8775). Cabots and the Lowells dine here. Delightful. Three spacious dining rooms. Pilgrim cocktail lounge. Food's just like that mother used to cook.

BLINSTRUB'S VILLAGE, 304 Broadway (SO 8-5440). Considered largest dine-dance spot in the country. Can seat about 2,000. "Name" singers and dancers engaged. Gisele MacKenzie, star of the Hit Parade, a favorite with Boston audiences. Good food and drinkies.

WARMUTH'S, 280 Devonshire (LI 2-4772). Some of city's nicest meals served. Quality consistent over the years. Prices reasonable; drinks large and well-mixed. Don't forget to ask for prune muffins, a specialty of the house.

RED COACH GRILL, 43 Stanhope (CA 6-1900). Steaks, lobsters and chops the pieces de resistance. If you're hungry enough, try them in this order. Many other Red Coach Grills are found in suburbs and outlying areas.

RUBY FOO'S, 6 Hudson (DE 8-7962). Chinese food par excellence, served in exotic atmosphere of a "den." No liquor available, but the tea's so delectable that former isn't needed.

LOS ANGELES

Elite Beat

BILTMORE BOWL (Biltmore Hotel), Pershing Sq. (MI 1-011). With its beautifully hand-painted and hand-carved ceiling, the Bowl recreates the traditional elegance and great charm of the old world. Cover $1. Sat. and holidays $1.50. Dark Sunday. Delux dinners from $2.50. Hal Derwin and his very danceable band supply the music for the show and for dancing, on the spacious dance floor.

CIRO'S, 8433 Sunset (HO 2-7211). Herman Hover's completely redecorated popular nitery. Now features 3 separate rooms. The main dining opens at 11:30 daily and offers luncheons, cocktails and dinner all at very reasonable prices. Dinner music by Felix DeCola and Jerry Linden at the twin pianos. The new Ciro-ette room is the newest and most exciting of the supper clubs, featuring continuous shows and dance music of Bobby Romos' Rumba Band and Mischa Novy's Orchestra. Cover charge of $1.65 except Sat. $2.20. The TV Terrace offers individual TV sets for each table so guests may watch their favorite program and dine at the same time.

COCOANUT GROVE (Ambassador Hotel), 3400 Wilshire (DU 7-7011). "Mr. Cocoanut Grove" himself, Freddy Martin and his Orchestra, offer smooth music for listening and dancing pleasure. Dorothy Shay, Peggy Lee, Gordon MacRae are high caliber presented in the large floor show. Tuesday nights the Grove goes Hawaiian with a buffet supper, music and leis for the ladies all done in the island motif. Hilo Hattie and Princess Luana hula in a show that precedes the regular one.

MOCAMBO, 8588 Sunset (BR 2-3443). New bar called Mary's Hideway serves cocktails from 5 to 8 at reduced prices. Paul Hebert and his orchestra combine with second band to present continuous music for dancing or listening. Non-dinner guests pay $2 cover and $1 and up for drinks. This is favorite hang out for Hollywood notables.

MOULIN ROUGE, 6238 Sunset (HO 9-6333). At what was formerly Earl Carrol's, Frank Sennes has built a new fame for the spot with one of the very best dinner-entertainment bills for the money. First show doors open at 6:30. Don Ardenn stages "Paris Toujours" complete with gorgeous chorus girls in beautiful costumes done with a French flavor. Cast of 100. Reservations are a must as the 1000 seats go fast with conventioneers, tourists and locals alike. On Sundays there is a special matinee for the kids with clowns, live animal acts. Cost is $1.50 per child.

TERRACE ROOM (Statler Hotel), 930 Wilshire (MA 9-4321). Lillian Roth featured currently in Los Angeles' newest room. Joann Gilbert follows in latter part of September. Dancing starts at 8 with 9 and 11:30 show times. Closed Sunday. Eddie Bergman and his orchestra play for dinner and supper dancing.

Highbrow Hideouts

BAR OF MUSIC, 7351 Beverly (WE 8-7811). A big club that still retains an intimate atmosphere with its bar running nearly around one of the stages. Finest of entertainment is making club a stand-out with frequent headliners returning by popular demand. Rueban Moreno leads 4 piece band in show that usually numbers at least 3 feature acts.

881 CLUB, 881 N. LaCienega (OL 2-2540). Johnny Walsh is owner, maitre de who steps forth with his own renditions of famous show tunes. His sophisticated styling is enjoyed by the musicians, writers and notables who frequent small but busy nitery. No cover but a minimum of 2 drinks at around a dollar each. Dinners start at $4. Girl singers are usual added attraction.

Black and Tan

CLUB OASIS, Western at 39th (RE 4-5510). The top sepia show in town features all-star spectaculars produced and directed by mc Aland Dixon. Cast usually numbers 15 with a chorus line of 6 tan beauties. There is a dawn breakfast show at 6 am Sundays with all the cast plus any other talent that drops in.

Stompers Paradise

CRESCENDO, 8572 Sunset (BR 2-0921). Moving up fast among the better clubs in town with class entertainment second to none. Singers like Billy Eckstine, Mills Bros., June Christy have packed house which seats 250. Club caters to the younger movie set and the modern jazz enthusiasts.

BEVERLY CAVERN, 4289 Beverly (NO 2-6035). Rose and Al Deitch, owners, present their All-Star Jam Session every Monday night. Other nights the best in Dixieland is offered. Currently featured is group headed by George Lewis who plays his own special clarinet. No cover, or minimum, no admission and no dancing.

JAZZ CITY, 5510 Hollywood (HO 4-8446). Very popular spot with the younger set who really enjoy the tops in jazz performances. Max Roach-Clifford Brown jazz group are to be followed later this month by the Chet Baker quintet. Seven nights a week finds the club rocking to the rafters with the collegians much in evidence. No cover, no admission charge.

PALLADIUM, 6215 Sunset (HO 9-7356). A must for tourists and a treat for the average dance fan. Celebrations are frequent here sometimes taking up the whole night and causing it to be closed for outsiders. Harry James, Ray Anthony, Jerry Gray, Stan Kenton, Sauter-Finnegan bands draw crowds of around 5,000. Buddy Morrow will be followed by Billy Regis band during September. Dinners start at $2.50. Admission runs $1.50 Fri. and Sat., $1.10 other nights. Dark Monday and Tuesday.

TIFFANY CLUB, 3260 W. 8th (DU 2-5206). The ultimate in progressive jazz presented nightly. Shelly Manne, rated No. 1 drummer of the year by Downbeat heads the group. Russ Freeman tickles the 88, Stu Williamson excels on the trumpet, Charlie Mariano digs with the alto sax, and Leroy Zinnegar slaps that bass. No cover, no admission, with a two-drink minimum.

ZARDI'S, 6315 Hollywood (HO 5-3388). Club recently doubled capacity to 400 to hold the crowds that come to hear the very best in modern jazz, progressive music and the oldtime greats. Drinks are around $1 and there is an admission ranging from $1.25 to $1.50 depending on the attraction. Great names have paraded continuously here such as Stan Kenton, Count Basie, Perez Prado, Dave Brubeck, Stan Getz, Sarah Vaughan, Dinah Washington.

Oriental Touch

THE GINZA, 254 E. 1st (MA 6-2567). Los Angeles' only "Japanese Revue" starring Yoshiko Misono with popular Japanese songs, and Yoko Ogawa, American "pop" singer, featuring "The Ginza Dancing and Singing Girls." Specializing in Sukiyaki and Tempura dinners starting at $2.50. Top drinks are Sake and Japanese beer at 50c. Oriental and western dancing and singing of pretty Japanese girls is authentic and charming. Tuesday night is Latin-America night with Rita Lupino starring along with a Latin orchestra. No cover, no minimum.

The Strip Parade

EL RANCHO, 1738 W. 7th (DU 2-7662). Rene Andre, the "Look Ma, No Bra" girl, really makes this club jump. Tornado Tonja, a gorgeous blonde with perpetual motion in her hips, is bringing the raves of "more" night after night. Two comics, a magician, and from 6 to 7 strips round out one of the best shows in town. Club is jammed on weekends.

DUFFY'S GAYETY, 1841 N. Cahuenga (HO 4-6544). Genial host and owner, Rocco, presents a well-rounded show that includes two comics, a stellar singer, and four peppery exotics. Billy "Zoot" Reed, one of the all-time greats of burlesque, heads the current show. "Boots" Malloy doubles as emcee and comedienne. Joyce Manners lends vocal talents. The show is kept in full swing by strippers Nona Carver, Patricia, Lee Bari, Jeannie Carroll and Betty Shay. Just two blocks from the corner of Hollywood and Vine. Rocco keeps the doors open seven nights a week and is always ready with a glad hand for his hundreds of friends.

LARRY POTTER'S, 11345 Ventura (PO 1-7104). Larry Potter has found phenomenal success with this club near the end of the busy Hollywood freeway. Show usually includes one exotic act designed and arranged by the great showman himself. Among these is the "Girl In The Gilded Cage" number in which a girl strips in a cage that runs around the room on a track suspended from the ceiling. Latest is "The Bride Of The Orchid." Top "names" are always on the bill, such as The Lancers, Ink Spots and Four Jokers. A top comic usually rounds out the show.

STRIP CITY, Western at Pico (RE 1-3975). A real "class" strip club, has always featured a top name to live up to title "Home of Big Name Burlesque." Emcee-comedians and 4 to 5 strips back up feature. Latest sensation is "Venus, The Body," a beautiful girl with a big future in burlesque. No cover, no admission with two-drink minimum.

COLONY CLUB, Western at 149th (FA 1-1885). Bob Carney is not only one of the top mc-comedians in burlesque but his staging of the shows at the Colony Club have brought fame to the busy nitery. Eartha Quake does a bubble bath routine and Ginger Briston in a fluorescent fan number are hits of the current show. Heather English is a comedienne of note. Tuesday nights the regular show gives way to the famous "Battle Of The Burlesque Queens" where strippers vie to outdo each other.

YORK CLUB, 7210 S. Western (PL 1-5927). This is only major L.A. strippery with no cover, no admission, no minimum policy. Four strippers are presented nightly. Dean Howe and his trio supply music for dancing and entertainment. Monday nights there is a "Talent Quest" with the winner presented with a one-week contract. Johnny Ray was once a big winner here before going on to fame with his singing.

LAS VEGAS

Big Bistros

DESERT INN (DU 2-6000). Celebrities who frequent Wilbur Clark's fabulous sand castle are as much a part of the scenery as the cactus, and in the mural-studded Painted Desert Room they rival the shows for entertainment value. Any 400—whether they're in the social register or not—can rub elbows in the spacious show lounge that is only part of the glittering array offered by this $5 million hostelry and gambling casino.

DUNES (DU 2-1300). The decor in the Aladdin Room is redolent of movie palace splendor, and no wonder, since this hostelry on the strip was built by Al Gottesman, who made millions in New England cinema industry. No one-dimensional screen diminishes the effect of the shows here, though, and all the girls emerge in their natural, rounded loveliness.

EL RANCHO VEGAS (DU 2-1300). One of the few spots on the strip that still does not charge a minimum, this glorified motel was the first to open on the thoroughfare. It's a favorite hangout for such gals as Lili St. Cyr, and when they aren't around, the El Rancho Girls fill in admirably.

RIVIERA (DU 2-5678). One of the leading five-figure clubs, paying such salaries as $50,000 a week to Liberace for tickling the ivories, and the funnybones of its patrons, this $8 million hotel goes all out to make its customers feel they're in clover in its green and gold Clover Room. Jeff Chandler once got $30,000 to sing a couple of songs here.

FLAMINGO (DU 2-4000). When Bugsy Siegal took his fling at nitery operation here back in 1947, he built this beautiful birdcage, and it's been trying to live it down ever since. Something like $1 million a year is spent here to lure big names, who in turn are expected to lure customers. Definitely not for the birds.

THUNDERBIRD (DU 2-5100). Marion Hicks serves up a good meal and a modest, but generally high-class show without feeling called upon to charge a minimum. Headline singer, band, and of course the indispensable chorines are standard fare.

SANDS (DU 2-7100). Jake Friedman, the former Houston gambler, enlivens things here by roaming his casino and shouting "Stick around, you suckers. Keep on playing and we'll milk you like Jersey cows." In spite of this, the action is always brisk, and so are the shows, presenting the freshest chorus line on the Strip, with such names as Lena Horne for variety.

SAHARA (DU 2-6800). The management here managed to drop $50,000 in the casino in its first day of operation back in 1952, but they've been getting it back manyfold ever since. Veteran nitery impresario Bill Miller stages the shows in the Congo Room, a spot that carries out without strain the $5 million hostelry's tradition of bigness.

ROYAL NEVADA (DU 4-4060). The Crown Room, with its flavor of a royal court, presents the kings and queens of the show world in an all-out effort to snare its share of customers. One recent extravaganza was a complete night-club version of "Guys and Dolls."

NEW FRONTIER (DU 2-7171). Another spot that is grabbing the customers with top names who are hired for fabulous salaries. One of them backfired though when Mario Lanza, hired for $50,000, ducked out of the Venus Room at the last minute. This was originally opened, second on the Strip to El Rancho Vegas, as the Last Frontier. Now it bills its Western decor as "the Early West in Modern Splendor." Everything is really up to date, though, in the shows.

SHOWBOAT (DU 2-7575). Strictly small-time compared to the larger hostelries, this spot has latched onto a 20th century gold mine with a nightly special flight from Los Angeles, offering dinner, show, and $10 in gambling trips for a package rate of $25. Showboat nitery regularly presents a line of chorines who could all qualify as figureheads.

Smaller Spots

GOLDEN NUGGET (DU 2-6565). Big barns can't meet the lower prices that prevail here. The shows aren't as plush, but closer, more intimate quarters makes the girls loom much larger.

EL CORTEZ (DU 2-1500). Downtown and closer to the big gambling spots, this hostelry caters to those who don't want to spend more on living than on gambling. Modest shows, equally modest prices make it a favorite for the crowd that doesn't want to get trapped on the Strip.

SILVER SLIPPER (DU 2-7171). This is another nitery in the New Frontier, offering somewhat more boisterous—or girl-sterous—entertainment than the more chi-chi Venus Room. An exotic and a couple of Western style singers usually hold forth in this reconstructed Old West saloon.

JOE RANDO'S COPA LOUNGE, on the grounds of the Desert Inn. This brand new nitery opened this spring with boss Joe Rando at the piano, and authentic Italian food in the kitchen.

For Gaming

FORTUNE CLUB, 109 Fremont. The spot that says it paid out more than $1 million in jackpots in one six-month period.

PIONEER CLUB, 25 Fremont. Sports the biggest sign in downtown Las Vegas, most often seen in photos of the town.

BOULDER CLUB, 118 Fremont. The oldest gambling house in Vegas, still draws a lot of old-timers.

GOLDEN NUGGET, 129 Fremont. Gambling with an antique flavor. You can lose your dough spiritually in tune with the old Silver Rush gamblers in this marble and mahogany spot.

HORSESHOE CLUB, 129 Fremont. Casually keeps a cool $1 million on display to prove it has the stuff to cover its bets. You can try to make a dent in this display in the most complete gambling layout in town.

WESTERNER, 23 Fremont. Winnings of gamblers are metered here for the inspection of casual visitors and those down on their luck who want to do a little envying. Nothing is shown about the house winnings, however.

DETROIT

Top Spots

STATLER HOTEL, Washington Blvd. and Park Ave. (WO 3-6000). Far from the maddening crowd, the very proper but not stuffy Terrace Room is the crossroad for Detroit VIPs and visiting celebrities. Entertainment geared to family consumption, varies from vocalists to diminutive spectaculars with an orchestra keeping the dance set sedately happy. Tariff is a bit steep.

YEAMAN'S, Howard and First Sts. (WO 2-8981). Music bubbles up from an island in the center of a spacious bar after 9:30 pm and there's usually a thrush or two for those who like to look as well as listen. Reliable food, excellent service and moderate checks have earned Yeaman's an enviable reputation in the gray-flannel suit cult. The door is unlocked at 11 am and the luncheon crowd doesn't thin until 3 pm; the nite set takes over at 8 until yawning time. Modest minimum on Saturday nite.

CLUB ALAMO, 20450 Livernois (UN 1-9546). Sea food, steaks, chops are the staples of this compact supper that offers TV and platter talent as the main course on the stage menu. Music for dancing for those who can't sit still.

YE OLDE WAYNE CLUB, 1035 Wayne (WO 1-7390). Popular luncheon and dinner rooms for the men and women of newspaper row and first nighters at the city's legit theaters. Versatile musicombos that switch from swing to hill-billy to jazz with the smoothness of a Hydramatic. A good time at Gimbel prices.

WONDER BAR, 1221 Washington Blvd. (WO 1-9242). Most patrons who savor the city's biggest and best martini served in a relaxed, continental atmosphere call it Sammy Sofferin's "wonderful bar." Busy from 4 pm, when inhabitants of "airline row" grab a quickie, until the wee hours. Orchestra and vocalists of spritely refinement, nothing for the shock therapy addicts.

CLUB GAY HAVEN, West Warren at Greenfield, Dearborn (LU 1-9542). Henry Ford built the city and the Gay Haven keeps it jumping with near-sensational revues sparked by such talent as Jerry Lester, Meg Myles and Dagmar. Food, drink and rythmns for dancing. Admission charge depends on the indoor attraction.

CLUB 509, Woodard and Larned (WO 4-9382). Dark and sexciting oasis specializing in torso tossers and lippy emcees who compete with bandstand and raucous night owls. You can join the other conventioneers for $1.20 at the door Saturday and half that on the no-less populous week nites.

SHERATON CADILLAC, Washington Blvd. and Michigan Ave. (WO 1-8000). A jigger of respectability, but not snob appeal, goes into every drink that passes over the Motor Bar. The haunt of those who like subdued dining and dancing. Pictorial highlights of automotive history are preserved on murals around the walls. Moderate pocketbook for good food from 11:30 am with dinner music for dancing from 10 pm to 1 am.

CLUB MANHATTAN, 14865 Wyoming (WE 5-9296). Big—more than 600 can dine at one sitting—package. No door charge for dinner guests before 9 pm. After that hour it varies with the size of the billing which may be for a recording star-headlined revue or an ice show on a dime-sized rink.

MICKEY'S SHOW BAR, 623 East 7 Mile Rd. (FO 6-4150). As the address indicates, seven miles from the hub of Detroit's nite club circuit but there is something for everybody—from exotics to rock 'n' roll—every nite except Monday when the darling girls date their steady boy friends.

CLUB CLICHE', 20030 John R (TW 3-7747). The Gaylords, who appear frequently, also own a slice of this intimate bistro. Talent lately has been running to the Leo de Lyon and Alan Dale line with a thrush thrown in for good measure.

Solid Stuff

BAKER'S KEYBOARD LOUNGE, 20510 Livernois (UN 4-1200). Piano capital of Detroit and a jazz box par excellence with the McPartlands, Gillespies, Milburns, et al regularly posted on the marquee.

CRYSTAL SHOW BAR, 5612 Grand River (TY 4-9591). All music, with Sunday jam sessions from 5-8 pm. that leave everyone all shook up. All music box, and whether you're hip or from nothing, you'll dig this, man.

Black and Tan

WAL HA ROOM, John R at Garfield (TE 2-7700). Smart rendezvous for elbow benders who favor the sepia side of nite life. Everybody's welcome at the Garfield Hotel's biggest room.

FLAME SHOW BAR, John R at Canfield (TE 1-2210). Spacious black and tan with Morris Wasserman doing the hosting. The rumble starts early with recording stars, agile dancers, swift patter and good orchestration. Crowd heavily sprinkled with "regulars" who show up every time the playbill changes—which is frequent.

Across the River

ELMWOOD CASINO, Dougall Road, Windsor (WO 5-6877). You must go to Canada to find the Detroit area's No. 1 nitery—but it's only across the river. Big budgets mean big names and host Al Siegel has a no-skimping reputation. Fisher and Marks, jugglers Lotts and Anders, Terry and the Macs are only a few who have entertained recently. Siegel's revues and music for dancing plus a fine full-course dinner can be had for as little as $2.95 during the week and $1.50 on Saturday screen out the one-beer space grabber at the two shows nitely.

THE NEW METROPOLE, 917 Walker Road, Windsor (WO 5-4888). Night hours melt away at this friendly spa. Three curtains during the evening and food, too.

For the Palate

LONDON CHOP HOUSE, 155 West Congress (WO 2-0278). Call for a reservation and find book matches with your name on the cover at your table when you arrive. Such personalized service, plus the best and most expensive food in Detroit has made Les Gruber's restaurant famous throughout the country. Although celebrities drop in, the regulars who stuff the cash box are the ultra-respectable families of the city's 400.

SCHWEIZER'S, 260 Hastings (WO 4-7258). Strictly for eating and famous gathering place of old Detroit with a history that dates to the Civil War. Best in food and service daily except Sunday. Expensive.

CARL'S CHOP HOUSE, 3020 Grand River (TE 2-8600). Beef aged in their own cellars is the boast of this eatery that has held forth for 20 years.

PONTCHARTRAIN WINE CELLAR, 618 Wayne (WO 3-1785). The kind of small restaurant expected only in Paris, New York or San Francisco and doing very well, sans entertainment, on a menu of rare wines and fine dishes. Luncheon 11 until 2 and dinner 5 to 10 pm.

MARIO'S, 4222 Second Ave. (TE 3-9425). A touch of old Italy appeals to showfolk as does the opportunity for gourmet dishes at 4 ayem.

KINGSLEY INN, Woodward at Long Lake Rd., Bloomfield Hills (MI 4-1400). Modern as tomorrow setting for quality food and located in the residential hub populated by many of the auto industry's moguls. Cocktail lounge with organist on duty for mood music.

HOTEL NORTON, 410 Griswold (WO 3-8500). Unusual piano bar furnished entirely with sofas, easy chairs and low-slung cocktail tables. Excellent food in the Rib Room and there's always the Smorgasbord Room.

AL GREEN'S 15301 East Jefferson (VA 2-4118). The poorer man's London Chop House on the east side. Specializes in delicious steaks and chops with the dinner menu available from 5 to 12 pm., supper until 2 am.

EDDY SHEPHERD'S, 7909 East Jefferson. Many Detroiters wouldn't go any place else for a kitchen-away-from-home. Friendly, relaxed and always an orchestra.

CHICAGO

The Big Joints

CHEZ PAREE, 610 Fairbanks (DE 7-3434). Top TV-radio-screen talent is served up on the stage for delectation of local and visiting notables at ringside, all kinds of visiting firemen and regular customers at other tables. Big and brassy, it's the oldest Windy City night club, offers dancing between shows, seven-course dinner plus liqueur for as little as $5.75.

EMPIRE ROOM, State and Monroe (RA 6-7500). The haunting songs of Harry Belafonte are offered in this plush green-and-gold room from mid-August through mid-September. Merriel Abbott's dancers provide color and action. Roomy dance floor, excellent music. Food and service excellent, not over-priced, but liquor at premium nitery rates. Highly popular, so reservations should be made well in advance.

BOULEVARD ROOM, Michigan and 7th (WA 2-4400). "Wonderful Time," one of a series of glittering song-and-dance revues on ice which are a specialty of this room has been playing all summer, due for a change soon. Music by Frankie Masters and his orchestra. This Hilton installation caters to cornbelt conventioners, kids on their first dates and older couples. Food is some of the tastiest in the city though.

GLASS HAT, Michigan and Congress (HA 7-3800). Livest spot in the staid Congress Hotel, this room too appeals to Midwest tastes, offers Wayne Muir and his orchestra as fixtures, with occasional singers. Menu emphasizes beef, in all forms, well prepared.

PUMP ROOM, Ambassador East Hotel, State and Goethe (SU 7-7200). The best entertainment at this colorful, high-priced dining room is provided by the food, often served flaming on swords by scarlet-clad waiters. A favorite spot for visiting celebrities, and the locals and yokels who yearn to rub elbows with them. David LeWinter's band plays for dancing.

Smart Spots

BLACK ORCHID, 101 E. Ontario (MO 4-6666). Sleek and sophisticated, this nightery offers singers in the same vein to entertain its covey of long-hair regulars. Typical offerings are Meg Myles, sexy songstress of "Phenix City Story," Robert Clary with his French ditties, or any of a long list of folk singers. High-priced talent, high-priced place.

CLOISTER INN, 900 N. Rush (SU 7-4568). This new spot has been giving an ear to local unknowns in the song and instrumental department, with often surprising results, and a series of middle-size quality names providing a solid backstop in case the newcomers flop. Modest tariff makes it well worth taking a chance.

OFFBEAT ROOM, 6344 N. Broadway (SH 4-4892). The goods come just as labeled in this unusual spot, which is out-of-the-way in location as well as fare. Entertainment consists of drama by the Compass Players, and one of a number of good jazz groups in the modern manner. Open every night, 9-2.

GATE OF HORN, 753 N. Dearborn (SU 7-2833). French balladeer Luc Poret is among the regulars in this brand-new intimate spot for swizzling and socializing. Drinks run around a dollar, and only two sandwiches are served from the charcoal grille—Bratwurst and chopped steak. But for those who like chummy folk music and off-beat ditties, it's the ne plus ultra.

SCOTCH MIST, in a coachouse at the rear of 874 N. Wabash (MI 2-8744). This intimate little drinking haven has caught on with a bang among those who like good liquor and sweet music for an hour or evening of relaxation. Candlelit lounge, a big bar, and a summer patio offer surroundings to fit all tastes. Drinks only, from 75 cents, with the piano and voice of locally renowned Claude Jones.

TOP OF THE ROCK, Prudential Plaza, Randolph and Beaubien ct. (MI 2-7676). This is another new spot, specializing in dollar drinks and Muzak, with a breath-taking view of the city from the very top of the new Prudential building. It's operated by the Stouffer chain, which has three restaurants in the same building, for those who get hungry.

Hepcat Heavens

JAZZ, LTD., 11 E. Grand (SU 7-2907.) A cozy lower-level haven where Dixieland devotees pay homage to a succession of the dwindling crowd of New Orleans greats. Beers come with a night club price tag, but the music is the most, say the patrons. Starts late, closes late.

BLUE NOTE, 3 N. Clark (DE 2-2247). Frank Holsfeind, owner, personally runs this musical general store, where every kind of jazz from Dixie to cha-cha-cha is on display from time to time. Noted for the quality of the product on display, however, the emporium inspires something akin to awe in the hepcat clique.

LONDON HOUSE, 360 N. Michigan (AN 3-9260). One of the few jazz spots where you can get a square meal, this excellent chop house is a recent convert to solid stuff. On hand in August and September will be Teddy Wilson and his trio, and the Erroll Garner trio.

EASY STREET, in an alley between State and Dearborn on Elm (WH 4-4748). Jazz in a Bohemian atmosphere is reminiscent of Greenwich Village at this hole in the wall, and the tab is easy to take.

BEEHIVE, 1503 E. 55th (PL 2-9060). This South Side nitery has blazing Monday night jam sessions by locals, and the rest of the time presents a star-studded roster of jazz greats as good as the best in the downtown spots.

PREVIEW LOUNGE, 7 W. Randolph (AN 3-6908). The Dukes and Duchess of Dixieland are playing in the large street-level room of this mid-Loop jazz rendezous, while the smaller upstairs Modern Jazz Room reverberates with the music of Gerry Mulligan, Kay Winding and J. J. Johnson. Popular for a quick drink and a couple of sets with dateless sailors, wide-eyed tourists and an occasional jazz fan, the downstairs room has no cover, no minimum. Hepcats who go upstairs must consume a minimum of $1.50 in beverage, and at those prices it isn't hard.

MAX MILLER SCENE, 2126 N. Clark (EA 7-8760). Pianist Max Miller has joined the current trend among musicians toward opening their own places, and after many years on the nitery circuit is treating fans to authentic, uncorny jazz most nights in his own place. Occasionally features a singer whose exceptional talent has caught his fancy.

Black and Tan

CLUB DELISA, 5521 S. State (NO 7-9243). In the heart of Chicago's Bronzeville, this is the last of a half-dozen black bistros which used to cater to white visitors from uptown. Raw but entertaining shows include rough comics, snappy dancers and an occasional novelty act.

Foreign Finesse

BLUE ANGEL, 801 Rush (SU 7-5060). The tab is hefty, but the atmosphere of West Indies calypso is pungent and highly satisfactory for those who like it. Animated island songs and dances may not be as authentic as they could, but they undeniably catch the spirit of the thing. Good music for some do-it-yourself hip-swinging, too.

WAIKIKI, 804 Wilson (LO 1-3446). Honolulu Harry's stable of swivel-hipped hula imports includes some fillies who are bound to induce tropical fever. Good music and reasonable menus make this one worth the out-of-Loop trip.

OLD HEIDELBERG, 14 W. Randolph (FR 2-1892). The lederhosen crowd here have melodious voices, and the decor both upstairs and in the colorful Rathskeller completes the feeling of a little bit of Old Deutschland plunked down on the Windy City's bright-light belt. Music tends toward the fiddle and concertina variety.

The Striperies

606 CLUB, 606 S. Wabash (WE 9-9452). Spicy songs, continuous peeling, and community singing by the customers are standard fare at this oldest of Chicago night club striperies. Some of the rawest novelty acts in the business can be seen here.

SILVER FROLICS, 400 N. Wabash (DE 7-3700). Puppets, magicians, tap dancers are occasionally mixed in to lighten the standard girlie fare in this big, barn-like flesh emporium which bills itself "Paris in Chicago." The statuesque babes who provide the piece de resistance are fresher than in most peel palaces.

L & L CAFE, 1316 W. Madison (SE 3-9344). A favorite with conventioners, this brassy joint is noted for the rough and ready repartee that crackles between the emcee and the strippers, who go just as far as the law allows.

CALUMET CITY, South of Chicago near Indiana State line. Taxi down to Cal City's main drag, where you can't spit without hitting a stripery. Local political situation determines how far the lovlies peel, but there generally isn't much left when they get done. Well worth an evening of bar-hopping.

DREAM BAR, 1312 S. Cicero (OL 2-9658). One of a number of peel palaces that still hold out in Al Capone's old headquarters, the town of Cicero just West of the Chicago city limits. The law isn't as loose as it was when Scarface Al ran the town, but the girls make sure you get a good eyeful.

Taste Treats

HENRICI'S, 71 W. Randolph (DE 2-1800). Established in 1868, this landmark may be a little staid for sensation-starved palates, but the food is solid, and so are the waitresses. Specialty is a giant German pancake with hot blueberry sauce that is guaranteed to make you dream of Grandmother. 8 am to 1 am. 1868 room is a colorful cocktail lounge.

RED STAR INN, 1528 N. Clark (WH 4-9637). If you can't make up your mind what to select from the enormous menu, the fatherly waiters, many of them veterans of three decades in this old-time German spa, will help you. If you don't like German cooking, the fine imported beers will whet your appetite so it won't matter.

GUEY SAM'S, 2205 S. Wentworth (VI 2-7840). You can eat yourself slant-eyed at this real Chinese joint in the heart of Chinatown for a very reasonable tab.

BARNEY'S MARKET CLUB, 741 W. Randolph (AN 3-9795). Everybody is a "Senator" to the staff at Barney's. This market restaurant gives you a lot for your money, and the steaks are as toothsome as any in town.

RICCARDO'S, 437 N. Rush (WH 4-8815). The art is avante-garde, but the food is good old-fashioned Italian and Continental cooking, and if surrealism doesn't spoil your appetite, you'll do fine here. Young Ric is filling his late artist-restaurateur father's shoes as a genial host, and is maintaining the tradition of showing the work of top-notch local photogs in the Padded Cell room.

ATHENS, 530 S. Halsted (MO 6-2072). That old business about "beware of Greeks" doesn't apply here, where Apostle Paul Fiabouras does everything he can to maintain his restaurant's reputation as a fabulous gourmet's paradise.

STOCK YARD INN, 42d and Halsted (YA 7-5580). The distinctive aroma of Chicago's stock yards doesn't penetrate the air-conditioned sanctity of this beefeater's paradise. Stockmen like to stay at the inn, and the food served in the Sirloin Room is the kind that men who know beef clamor for. You select and brand your own steak here, watch it cooked to your order.

CAFE BOHEMIA, 138 S. Clinton (AN 3-8310). Properly hung game is a specialty of this spot, and guests who are shocked at seeing a bear carcass strung up outside are likely to be the same ones who down Kodiak steaks inside with gusto.

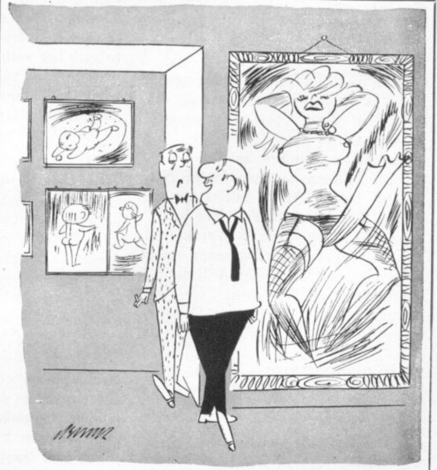
IRELAND'S, 632 N. Clark (DE 7-2020). Even when there isn't an "R" in the month, Ireland's has plenty to offer. Menu lists some 47 different finny and shelled dishes.

AGOSTINO'S, 1121 N. State (DE 7-9862). Don't make a mistake and go to South State, because that's police headquarters. The cooking in the lockup isn't nearly as good as Agostino's spaghetti and other Italian gustables.

IMPERIAL HOUSE, 50 E. Walton (WH 4-5300). Al fresco dining in the summer garden is an in-season novelty offered by this high-priced, plush hideaway that won't disappoint your palate.

SHANGRI-LA, 222 N. State (CE 6-1001). If you like your Cantonese dishes a la Terry and the Pirates, go to this atmospheric spot where palm trees wave in the blue-tinted light from the enormous front windows.

DON THE BEACHCOMBER, 101 E. Walton (SU 7-8812). Bizarre rum drinks dreamed up by the management, and Cantonese food cooked to your order (if you know how you want it) are dished up in a tropical decor that would make Trader Horn homesick for the islands.



"And now, in here is another shot of Imogene taken much later . . . or am I boring you?"

backstage

By Arch Ayres

ORIGIN of the strip tease is cloaked in historical obscurity and there are almost as many versions of how the strip started as there are strippers. Newest claim from France is that this year marks the 60th anniversary of strip. It seems that back in 1896 a French gal named Charmion got the urge to peel while swinging on a trapeze in a circus. She started tossing assorted items of her costumes into the audience until she was indeed the daring young lady on the flying trapeze. Another version claims strip started later in the Folies Bergere and then there are some French who say it all began in America. But of course, the Russians have yet to be heard from in this debate.

* * *

STILL GOOD for a laugh even in her dotage, oldtimer Mae West sounded off about censors the other day. Hauled into court innumerable times during her career for offending the watchdogs of other people's morals, Mae suddenly insists that there is need for bluenoses: "Why, if it wasn't for censors, there'd be more and more wickedness on the stage, and finally complete depravity. Shocking!" Shocking indeed.

* * *

SCARING CUSTOMERS is the newest gimmick being used to corral customers in West Coast strip palaces. Taking a cue from such television programs as Vampira as well as the Charles Addams cartoons in the New Yorker, Strip City is billing an act called "Frankenstein And His Bride" with ads that read: "Terrifying! Thrilling! Nauseating!" Among songs featured are: "Oh, What A Beautiful Mourning" and "Ghoul Of My Dreams."

* * *

AN OLD CHESTNUT was revived by actor Charles Coburn at a Mt. Sinai hospital benefit in Hollywood. He told the audience: "When I was a boy, my father said, 'Charlie, don't ever go to a burlesque show. You might see something you shouldn't see.' So I saved my money and went to a burlesque show and sure enough, I saw something I shouldn't have seen–my father."



BUSTIEST BARMAID in the nation seems to have run into Uncle Sam, who thinks that her assets make her a cabaret attraction. She is Ruth Shepler of Des Moines, Iowa, who sets anywhere from two to four glasses on her ample bosom and pours beer in them to the delight of customers (see photo). Three years ago she was hauled into court on charges of an indecent exhibition but the judge had enough good sense to dismiss the case. Now the internal revenue bureau is trying to sock her with a claim of $44,000 in back taxes. The revenooers insist that what she is doing is entertainment and therefore her tavern should be subject to the 20 per cent cabaret tax.

* * *

PUBLICITY for Elvis Pressley gets better and better while he sings of heartbreak. Newest blast against Elvis and his magic pelvis comes from Oakland, Calif., where a policeman viewing his performance in the local Auditorium said: "If he did it in the street, we'd arrest him."

* * *

BLUENOSES are on the warpath in straight-laced old Boston again—this time against oriental dancers. The nautch manipulations of the Near East gals came in for some heated blasts from local censor Mary Driscoll, who claimed they were booked in some clubs as a substitute for strippers. She warned the club owners: "We don't want stripteasers in your places shaking here and shaking there. I'm sensitive about these things and I'll get out myself and see these belly bumps." Miss Driscoll was at last admission 72 years old.

* * *

TV AT YOUR TABLE is now featured at Ciro's, famed Sunset Strip club in Hollywood. Its new TV Terrace furnishes a small 14-inch TV set at each table.

* * *

SEX SWITCHING is evidently still a good show business act. Newest to change allegiance from him to her is Ray Bourbon of El Paso, Texas, who has become Rae via what is claimed to be the first such operation performed in North American continent. Ray became Rae in a Mexico hospital and will strut her new personality on night club stages across the country soon.

* * *

A BUSINESSMAN who had fallen in love with a night club entertainer employed a detective agency to check up on her. He received the following report:

"The young lady has an excellent reputation, her past being without a blemish. She has many friends of good social and financial background. The only scandal that we can find against her is that she has been seen lately with a local businessman of questionable character."

* * *

MEXICO has cracked down on what little burlesque can be found in the capital. City amusement boss Adolfo Bustamante clamped a lock on the doors of the Tivoli Theater because they advertised their show as "burlesque like in Paris." Actually the show wasn't anything like Paris but the tag line was enough to get the censors started on the warpath.

* * *

DIFFERENCE between a pianist and a piano player was described by singer Pearl Bailey, who introduced her accompanist at her Waldorf opening as follows: "Mr. Phillips now is my pianist. Three years ago he was a piano player. I guess money does make a difference."

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"He wanted to be married in church . . . and she wanted to be married in time."